FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

# hibernia

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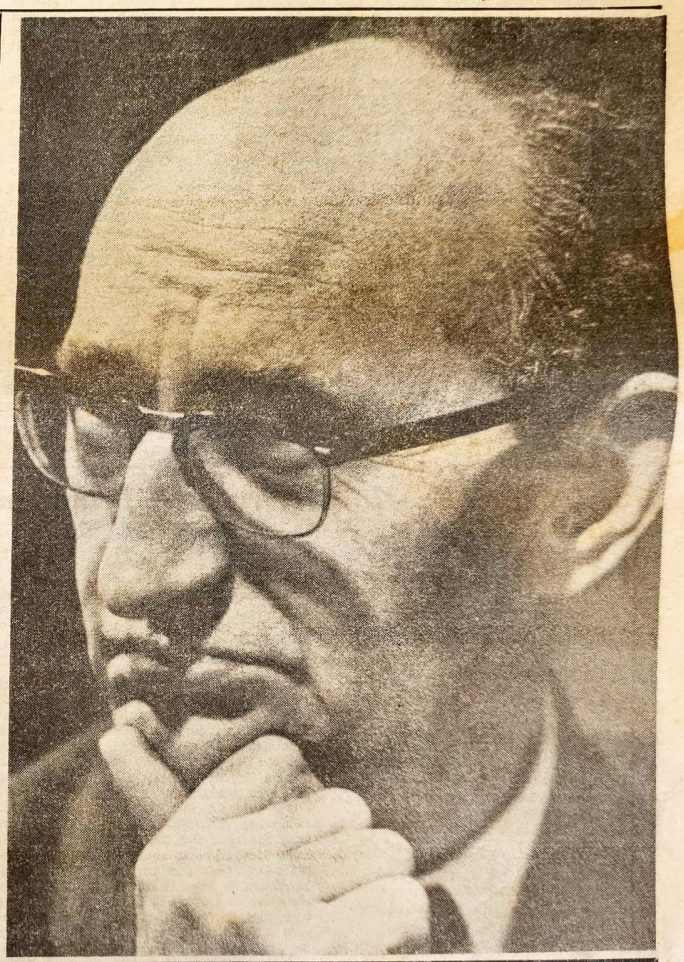
## THE SINN FEIN ARD-FHEISEANNA



. . . U.C.D. PRESIDENCY . . . P.R. IN THE NORTH . . . CENSUS IN CORK . . . WEXFORD FESTIVAL . . . . THE NEWSPAPER STRIKE . . . . THE B.V.A. SPLIT . . . . . THE HALLIDAYS MERGER . . . . PATRICK BOYLE REVIEWS THE BIG CHAPEL . . . . . JOHN WHYTE REVIEWS GOVERNING WITHOUT CONSENSUS . . . HONOURING THE GUARANTEE . . . . PALACE BARRACKS HOLYWOOD . . . . THE COUNTER INTELLIGENCE CHIEF . . .

# Letters to the Editor

## The Irish Army

Sir,—As a man who once considered the possibility of a career in the Irish Army I found your articles "Maintaining the Status Quo" and the one regarding the Naval Service very interesting. I feel you should be congratulated for bringing into focus the unfortunate state of the Armed Forces.

Although I choose to make for myself a career in the armed forces of another nation I have never lost interest in the state of affairs back home. I feel it is a sad reflection on the calibre of leadership available not only in the Government but in the military that the armed forces were allowed to deteriorate to such a degree. I feel that some of the retired senior officers should have spoken out, but perhaps their pensions are more important.

I feel there is an urgent need for Defence Education in Ireland and that groups such as Ex-Servicemens' Associations, Military Historical Societies, plus newspapers such as your own could play an important part in making the public aware of the awful lack of defence preparedness in the Irish Armed Forces. I am inclined to feel that the attitude of the Defence Dept. is "What the public don't know isn't going to hurt them."

Ireland cannot afford large professional forces such as those that exist in England. I think it is a pity that over the years we have continued to copy the English system to the point that we now look like a poor relative of the British Army. I think the time has arrived where a look be given further afield and that serious consideration be given to the Swiss and Israeli systems, in the hope that a solution be found for present recruitment problem. I do not believe that any conflict in the future will permit the opportunity to call up large numbers of civilians who will need training. As a result I feel that the Irish Armed Forces should depend upon a large F.C.A., which will not only be integrated into the P.D.F., but given equality in training and equipment. There is shocking need for modern equipment in all branches, not to mention the Air Corps and Naval Service and I am afraid that a Defence Budget of £19.9 million is inadequate and will have to be increased considerably before any meaningful progress can be made. The task is not impossible if there is determination to be found among those in positions of leadership, as the saying goes "Where there is a will there is way."

In conclusion all I can say is keep up the good work as I feel you are doing a public service.—Yours etc.,

LIAM H. LOUGHMAN.

San Francisco.

## The Cuala Press

Sir,—It is a pity that before your unnamed correspondent embarked upon his survey of the work of the Cuala Press, he did not pause for a moment to make even the most casual of inquiries. He writes:—

"It is unlikely that you will find *Reflections* or any future Cuala Press titles generally available in Ireland. Rather they are meant for the export, especially American, market, as is perhaps reflected by their prices (*Reflections* costs five guineas) and their subject matter (mostly Yeatsiana)."

Not one of these statements of fact is correct. While *Reflections* is now out of print, our other publications are and will continue to be freely available in Ireland, at all the leading bookshops; and contrary to what your correspondent states, our experience so far has been that we sell far more books in Ireland than to America. Our prices (mis-stated by your correspondent) are not in fact geared to the American, or any other market, but quite simply to our costs of production. Hand printing in limited editions is an expensive and time-consuming operation, and I would be surprised to hear that any other hand press employing trade union labour could sell its books at lower prices than our own.

Most damaging, however, because it goes to the roots of all that we are trying to do at the Cuala Press, is your correspondent's suggestion that the subject matter of our books will be "mostly Yeatsiana." In our opening Prespectus we made our aims clear: "In reviving the Cuala Press the Directors intend to maintain the original policy, a distinguishing characteristic of which was the search for new work by Irish writers." In accordance with this aim we are at present printing "Notes from the Land of the Dead," new poems by Thomas Kinsella, and there will follow immediately after this "A Fair House," versions of Irish poetry by John Montague. We have every hope that in coming years the contribution made by the Cuala Press to the development of new Irish writers will be as great as ever in the past.

MICHAEL YEATS.

The Cuala Press,
116 Lower Baggot Street,
Dublin 2.

## Biography of George Sigerson

Sir,—With reference to Mr. John Jordan's interesting article "Unwritten Lives" I would like to mention that I am at present engaged on a biographical and critical study of Dr. George Sigerson, that versatile man whose *Modern Ireland*, first published under the pseudonym "Ulsterman" more than a hundred years ago, is so apposite today. Should any of your readers have anecdotal information, letters, comments, etc., which would facilitate my study I would be glad to hear from them. — Yours, etc.,

**J. B. LYONS,**

15 Fitzwilliam Square,
Dublin 2.

## Callous Comment

Sir,—The unsigned cartoon on the front cover of the current issue of *Hibernia* is the most crude, callous and frivolous comment I have seen on the Northern Ireland situation.

The high moral tone of your constant admonitions to the Government, political parties, television and the press in general contrasts strangely with the gutter posture of the front page of a once-honourable magazine.—Yours, etc.,

MIRIAM HEDERMAN,
Malahide.

## Too Much Idealism

Sir, — Your publication is mainly an enjoyable and worthwhile reading experience. This past August I renewed my subscription. However, I do have some complaints.

It is your privilege and duty to present points of view as you see best. Some of your writers, Mr. Proinsas Mac Aonghusa in particular, are or were very stimulating in their opinions and style of prose. On occasion the facts of events related to your writer's arguments seem to have been distorted solely to prove the writer's argument. Or facts will be given only from the writer's viewpoint, giving the reader no idea what the other side's story might be.

For example, Mr. Mac Aonghusa told of a youth being clubbed by police, another youth intervened against the police, and both youths were arrested. Mr. Mac Aonghusa bitterly criticised the police without giving the reader the slightest idea of what the police version was. As editors it should be your duty not to permit a writer to be this one-sided. It doesn't seem that your review is intended for mindless fools, so be kind enough in the future to demand honesty and complete description of facts from your writers. With all the facts at hand and with your writer's distinguished and provocative views, your readers might then be free to arrive at their own knowledgeable judgments.

Regarding comments in your review about events in America, your writers seem too much affected by idealism and not enough by knowledge of everyday life in the U.S. Specially irritating is your publication's fascination with the civil rights movement in America. Although a few well-known Irish-Americans have backed the Negroes in their goals, many ordinary Irish-Americans oppose the civil rights movement for legitimate reasons.

Irishmen on the east side of the Atlantic are at war over outsiders who took over Irish territory and have attempted to submerge Irish culture. West of the Atlantic, where Irish territory consists of Irish-dominated neighbourhoods, outsiders have been shoving the Irish out of their territory. And your writers can't sympathise enough with the outsiders who encroach on Irish enclaves in the U.S.

Consider for a moment the attitude in Ireland about the British possessing part of the Irish island. How much do you sympathise with this group of outsiders who have pushed in on your way of life?

The U.S.A. has more different nationalities than the entire European continent. Safeguarding the Irish way of life in America requires that Irish-Americans keep together, somewhat separated in their personal lives from non-Irish Americans, yet your writers spare no effort in promoting the main precept of the Negro civil rights drive, integration.

Have you had the experience of contending in your neighbourhood with outsiders who turn a peaceful area into something akin to he Barbary Coast? Have you had your youngsters being forced to attend a school beyond their neighbourhood for the sake of fulfilling some government scheme? Would you welcome the prospect of everyone in your neighhourhood scattering to other localities because the Government decided it was a just cause to give the British a right to live in your neighbourhood? And what if the Government used your tax money to make it easier for the British to move into your area through easily arranged home mortgage loans and prosecution of those who resist sale of their property to outsiders?

Best of luck with "Hibernia"!—Yours, etc.,

TIMOTHY V. O'MAHONY.
5643 North Wayne Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois 60626.

## The Indomitable Irishry

Sir,—I offer some comments on the two letters which have appeared in your journal following my article, "*Still the Indomitable Irishry*" (August 27th). I never suggested, as Aidan Matthews accuses me of suggesting, that Yeats should be "revered more as the translator of the Upanishad texts than as Ireland's greatest poet." That is utter nonsense and reveals a most cursory reading of what I wrote.

Tom Halpin takes me to task in more detail, though hardly more effectively. He is angered that I quoted two lines of Yeats out of context. That is true, but only becausel did not wish to waste space in your journal by quoting more lines from the stanza. Mr. Halpin has done this for me and succeeds merely in consolidating my case. The whole Stanza reeks of Yeats at his most false. (Anyway, it is sobering to realise that the Master is held in such awe that nothing can be allowed to be said against any of his work—as I suggested in the article, nobody should be that sacred).

Mr. Halpin then seems to imply that it was of Yeats that I used the phrase "a piece of newspaper reportage." If he cares to re-read the article he will find that the phrase referred to Montague's "A New Siege."

A number of other poems are then instanced by Mr. Halpin which he maintains are "expressions of the same cluster of concerns" which gave rise to "Murphy in Manchester" (a poem I faulted as being falsely sentimental). Hardly acceptable: I was unhappy with the poem's quality, not with the kind of poem that it is.

I am not suggesting that my article was graced with some kind of dogmatic infallibility. What I merely set out to do was elaborate a point of view, a way of looking at what I considered to be a particular phenomenon. I had hoped it might provoke enlightened disagreement. Apparently not. —Yours, etc.,

JOHN BOLAND,
Goatstown, Dublin 14.

## The Hierarchy and Internment

Sir, — Your "Personally Speaking" columnist, Cristoir O Floinn, finds it hard to understand (8th October) that Senator Mary Robinson and I can be so lacking in dogatism in our analyses as to agree on one issue and disagree on another.

He then goes on to imply that our agreeing on the necessity to eliminate present I.R.A.-style violence, as a top priority for Northern Ireland (indeed, agreeing with Stormont policy in that regard), is inconsistent with the views contained in the recent Hierarchy statement on the subject.

I suggest there is no such inconsistency. A careful scrutiny of the parts of the statement quoted by Mr. O Floinn reveals this, I would argue.

The Hierarchy say: "We cannot accept the view that the sole cause of the present upheaval lies with those who are promoting violence." I presume that the reference is to I.R.A.-style violence. I can agree, of course, that other types of violence are causing the upheaval. For example, I go along with Miss Devlin, M.P., in regarding Unionist-exercised patronage as the greatest source, by far, of violence in Northern Ireland.

But I would argue that, *in the present situation*, I.R.A.-style violence is a luxury we cannot afford. It is delaying considerably and necessarily the tackling of the other forms of violence, especially the patronage form. The I.R.A. are doing a considerable injustice to all in N.I. concerned with tackling Unionist patronage. Their bull-in-a-china-shop tactics are most unfortunate indeed.

Faulkner and Co. are doing us all a favour in gradually eliminating them from the scene, much as those with national-unity-at-all-costs blinkers refrain from recognising that fact. Only when the I.R.A.-style gets out of the way can such as John Hume and Co. continue with the job of making inroads into Unionist patronage arrangements.

One can, therefore, be for eliminating I.R.A.-style violence and agree with the Hierarchy view expressed above.

Similarly, one can be for internment, *in principle and in the present situation*, and agree with the further Hierarchy view: "We must also say that the present use of internment, with its violation of human rights, is contributing a notable measure to a continuance of this situation."

Of course, internment is a "violation of human rights." But it can be morally necessary to violate the human rights *of some people* to attend to the human rights *of others*. The Hierarchy statement does not exclude that principle, and Hierarchy attitudes in the past have recognised the validity of that principle.

Similarly, one can agree that "the present use of internment (in N.I.) is contributing in a notable measure to a continuance of this (N.I.) situation," and still favour continued use of that measure until, as Faulkner says, I.R.A.-style violence is eliminated.

The Hierarchy very carefully did not say that such use is *causing* the situation in question. "Contributing in a notable measure to a continuance" of it is a different thing entirely. The Hierarchy could quite consistently agree—my guess is they would—that ending internment would make the situation far worse. I.R.A. and other trouble-makers now detained would be free to exercise their brands of violence. Above all, they could so exercise and intimidate with the knowledge that internment could not be used to put a brake on their activities.

I'm not surprised that Mr. O Floinn, being new to the political commentary game, interpreted the Hierarchy statement as condemning "the present use of internment" in N.I., in principle as well as in relation to the present situation. A similar message flowed from R.T.E. news capsules—though not, significantly, from newspaper reports of the Hierarchy statement.—Yours, etc.,

JOSEPH FOYLE,
The Media Receiver Service,
22 Leeson Park, Dublin 6.

P.S.—Would Mr. O Floinn, by the way, explain how he managed to get hold of a copy of *The Catholic Media-Receiver*, issued by this Service. Is he one of the media transmitters who avail of the Service through a "front," rather than openly?

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW
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## Honouring the Guarantee

IS IT POSSIBLE that the blowing up of boreens means more to Mr. Lynch than the torturing of Irish citizens ? Against the first he has protested and has taken steps to make his "views in this matter known to the British Government at the highest level". Against the second he had, prior to Dail opening, uttered not a word of protest; nor have his officials apparently, even at the lowest level, attempted to defend the rights or alleviate the brutal abuse of those detained without trial. Only fifteen months ago he was assuring the Northern minority that : "My Government is the second guarantor. Therefore, you who have suffered distress and indignity in the North are no longer unprotected victims." Distress and indignity are euphemisms indeed for the treatment accorded by the British Army to many fully innocent and other legally innocent people in the North today. But where is the second guarantor ?

The consequence of the Taoiseach's policy of putting his trust in British fair play ("It is for political leaders to govern wisely and justly. *I accept the guarantees of the British Government that they will do so.*") is that he has been led up a blind alley. Even since the Chequers talks, the British attitude has not improved—in fact, it has hardened. North of the border there have been more troops; more arrests; the blowing up of the roads; and the expansion of the UDR; but not a single political initiative. In the South, with the RTE embargo, the recall of the armoured cars from Cyprus and the first employment of the Firearms Act, the line here seems to be one of compliance with the Heath dictat. But to what effect ? If the "Daily Telegraph" is as representative of Tory opinion as it is said to be, its editorial of last Tuesday may demonstrate to the Taoiseach the thanklessness of co-operating with Mr. Heath : "The time has passed (if it ever was) for fulsome tributes to the moderation and resource of Mr. Lynch. Britain does not lack means of putting effective pressure on the Government of the Republic to maintain order in its own territory and thereby end the Republic's role as a partner (albeit sometimes an unwilling one) in a conspiracy to destroy order in the United Kingdom." There's your thanks, Mr. Lynch.

One of the most remarkable features of the past two years on this island has been the extent to which the South has in fact remained emotionally detached from the crisis in the North. And despite the jingoistic taunts of the "Telegraph", the truth is that Britain could not have had a better Premier in Dublin than Jack Lynch. What other leader could have, or would have, purged half his Cabinet, hoisted the Arms Trial, threatened internment here and fought off Kevin Boland's assault at the Ard Fheis — all in the interest of holding the line South of the Border? The extreme foolishness of the British Government was that it failed to tackle the Northern crisis while the South was still enveloped in its apathy. But that opportunity passed on August 9th—Internment Day. The rising temper in the South since that time—a temper which is certain to manifest itself in more critical fashion in 1972 — will greatly complicate the situation from here on in.

As long as internment continues, the alienation of the minority population in the North will remain complete. Its one-sided operation and brutal implementation is bitterly resented by most and is a standing affront to many others who may sympathise only marginally with the prisoners' cause. In these circumstances, there is little point in Mr. Lynch heading off to Chequers for yet another round of talks with the British Premier. But he must honour his own guarantee. The torture of internees—all of whom are native Irish and some of whom were born in the South—is illegal, immoral and intolerable. Despite the abundant evidence available to the Government almost consistently since August 10th, little or nothing has been done to effectively stop this organised brutality executed as part of an operation which Mr. Heath has sickly described as "a necessary prelude to the restoration of greater harmony between the communities in Northern Ireland".

The Taoiseach chose to offer the mantle of his protection to the minority in Northern Ireland fifteen months ago. Let him now be man enough to prove his worth to those who need it most.

### *Sinn Fein (Official)*

## An Electoral Challenge

THE DRAMA of Queens University last Tuesday evening has provided a lucky focus of publicity on Tomas MacGiolla, President of the official Sinn Fein, just ahead of his annual Ard Fheis which is scheduled to take place in the Mansion House on October 29th.

Although the Provisional I.R.A's military activity and Kevin Street Sinn Fein's Dail Uladh, have succeeded in outflanking the Officials politically and militarily in the North, in the 26 counties, Sinn Fein Gardiner Place is in a much stronger political position. At their last Ard Fheis the vote to end the abstentionist policy gave notice of their intention to play a more active role in the political affairs of the South, though they also decided at the time that any decision to contest a specific election was to be referred to a special Ard Fheis. Significantly, resolution number six, listed in the Clar for their Ard Fheis at the end of this month, sponsored by the Ard Chomhairle and thus presumably expected to be adopted, asks that a decision regarding the contesting of elections be left to the discretion of the Ard Comhairle.

Despite the fact that at no time since the founding of the State, have the three main parties held the loyalty of such a large proportion of the electorate, the continuing crisis in the North might very well lead to a proliferation of independent or small party candidates, and a return to the 1940s and 1950s position where as many as 27% of the poll and 29 seats went to candidates outside the three major parties.

Following a spate of Official I.R.A. actvity in July—Mogul Mines in Tipperary, the seaside chalets in Wicklow, etc. —moves which seemed to be an attempt to compete with the Provisionals for the newspaper headlines, Sinn Fein activity has been strangely subdued. There have been few fish-ins (though they explain that widespread poaching makes such events largely unnecessary) and though no political persons have been released from English jails, British airline offices are safer places to work in these days. This moratorium can partly be explained by the threat of internment being introduced, partly by the channelling of their efforts into an reorganisation of the party at grass-roots level. The administrative move preparing the way to contest national elections is only the outward sign of this far-reaching internal reorganisation.

In the 1957 General Election Sinn Fein polled 65,640 first preferences and had four candidates, including Ruari O'Bradaigh now President of Kevin Street Sinn Fein, elected, but since all four men were interned in the Curragh at the time, they were unable to take their seats. The 1970 split with the Provisionals will have reduced the number of traditional votes available and the arrival of Kevin Boland's Aontacht Eireann can also be expected to siphon off some Republican votes, particularly in border areas. Sinn Fein have however nearly three hundred Republican clubs, North and South and have been carrying out an extensive educational programme. The internment Camp, traditional training ground for political education has been replaced by a a Summer School in Meath, where week-long seminars on Connolly, Tone and Revolutionary Movements abroad, are attended by a dozen or so members at a time. As in the case of the Provisionals, recruitment from the Universities has been lower than expected, though Galway and T.C.D. make up in quality what they lack in numbers.

But it is their application of "aga-prop" —the dissemination of a few simple ideas among a large mass of people—that Sinn Fein can expect their greatest return. They have intentionally pursued local issues such as the effect of the curtailment of the Dole in Donegal, disputes at the Industrial Estate in Shannon, housing in Wicklow, the land league in Meath and Louth, and recruited and organised locally as a result of these confrontations.

Electorally, Sinn Fein is now an unknown quantity. In certain areas, such as Wicklow, Donegal, Limerick, North Cork, Kerry, Waterford and the border counties, they could possibly take a few seats, or at least split the Fianna Fail vote. While the deteriorating Northern situation can only help them to increase support, the disaffected Republican votes must be shared with the other Republican parties. More serious is the threat of internment being introduced in the South. In such an eventuality it is likely that the Lynch Government would exercise the same lack of discrimination as the Stormont Regime in rounding up legitimate political opponents as well as gunmen, particularly as the delicate E.E.C. negotiations draw near.

At the moment Gardiner Place Sinn Fein in better placed than either Kevin Street or Kevin Boland's Aontacht Eireann to play a part in Southern Irish affairs. Whether they will be allowed to play their part, remains to be seen.

### *Sinn Feinn (Provisional)*

## Political Non-Starter

IT IS rather ironic that when Ruari O Bradaigh, leader of Kevin Street Sinn Fein opens his party's Ard Fheis in Liberty Hall this weekend, one of his major problems will be the notoriety that his organisation and he himself have enjoyed during the past year. To the casual observer this time last year, the only *raison d'etre* for Kevin Street Sinn Fein's existence was its opposition to the Gardiner Place organisation. Most of the 70 odd resolutions presented to delegates at that Ard Fheis under the general heading of Constitution and Policy carried overtones of the ten-month-old split with the Officials. In the past year although the Provisionals have outflanked the Officials in their Northern activities, they have failed to involve themselves with Southern Ireland politics. The spectacular successes of the Provisionals in the Six Counties has led to taunts that the Kevin Street organisation consists only of militarists, bereft of political initiative. Certainly, apart from O Bradaigh himself, Joe Cahill of the Provisional Army Council, and John Kelly, acquitted in the Arms Trial last year, are the two Provisionals most often in the public eye. While the Dail Uladh and Dail Chonnacht regional government idea, with Dail Laighean and Dail na Mumhan to follow, a plan which emanated from the Provisional Army Council, has gone some way to reduce the gunman image, as a potential alternative to the existing political parties, Kevin Street comes a poor second to the Gardiner Place organisation which being registered as a political party, is entitled to use the name Sinn Fein on ballot papers.

Equally important is the position of O Bradaigh himself. At present he is the only national figure associated with the political side of the organisation in the public mind, and though he is aware of the need to attract new blood and has frequently in the past six months declared that delegates should not come to the Ard Fheis with the intention of voting in an Ard-Chomhairle of 'safe reliable men,' it is a fact that O Bradaigh is probably the only person at the moment capable of articulating and propagating the Provisionals political policies. There are a few people who are capable of enunciating political ideas; Eamonn MacThomas, Editor of the party newspaper *An Phoblacht*; Niall Fagan, who often chairs Sinn Fein meet-

(Continued in page 4).

**Q. To whom should the credit go for the Sunday Times exposure of torture techniques in Palace Barracks, Hollywood ?**
**A. To John Whale and the S.T. Insight team of course; but also to Fr. Denis Faul, St. Paul's Academy Dungannon who collected and supplied most of the evidence. This is the same Fr. Faul whose allegations of the unequal administration of Justice in Northern Ireland earned a severe rebuke from Cardinal Conway only one year ago. And it is the same Fr. Denis Faul who so stoutly defended Humanae Vitae after its publication in July 1968.**

(Continued from page 3)

ings, and Desmond Fennell associated with Dail Connacht; but there is a shortage of articulate younger people, and the University support which might have been expected, particularly from Galway and Cork has not yet materialised. There are of course others who are not yet publicly or overtly associated with Kevin Street, but who exert a considerable influence amongst provisional supporters especially in Belfast and Derry. The addition of these people to the leadership of Sinn Fein might not be greatly welcomed by all of the present ard-chomhairle, but it would enormously strengthen the leadership and credibility of what is still a very immature political grouping.

It is likely that a majority of delegates will vote for participation in the next local authority elections, but there are few local figures who could command public support in these, and O Bradaigh must be aware that a severe reversal in these elections could have a most damaging effect on morale. Such a set-back could further isolate the guerrilla campaign in the North, from the alleged political leadership in the South.

To add to Kevin Street difficulties there is the advent of Kevin Boland's Aontacht Eireann which will siphon off the votes of many disenchanted Fianna Fail supporters who could have been expected to vote Sinn Fein. There is also lurking menacingly in the background the very real threat of internment in the 26-Counties, or perhaps imprisonment by Military Tribunals.

It is also open to question whether or not the full implications of the policies being promulgated by Kevin Street have sunk in on many of the members themselves. Success on one level can bring problems in its wake and this could well be the sobering thought going through many of the delegates' minds this weekend. At a time when history is being revised almost daily, Sinn Fein as represented by the followers of Kevin Street (and they represent the large proportion of Republicans) could well be facing the most important Ard Fheis since 1917.

But thanks to Section 31 of the Broadcasting Act, it is likely to be a very private affair.

*The North 1.*

## The Potential Effect of P.R.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION in future elections in the North is a virtual certainty. In a few weeks time Mr. Faulkner will produce a Green Paper, or "consultative document", setting out the pros and cons of this and other parliamentary reforms, like enlarging the Senate and the Commons. The Government will have to take a stand, for or against, when the document is debated, and more and more the conclusion looks foregone.

Needless to say, there is a mountain of ignorance to be overcome about the whole system of PR. To the ordinary Unionist it is something associated with "the South", and therefore to be treated with caution. The founding fathers of Unionism dropped it, in 1929, and it is assumed that their reasons for doing so, which have long been forgotten, still hold good. If he knows anything about PR, the Northern Protestant knows that it tends to favour minority parties, and therefore must blur the constitutional issue, and weaken the Unionist Party. At a time like the present, this could only precipitate the ultimate disaster — incorporation in Holy Catholic Ireland.

*Courtesy of Private Eye*

Confused impressions like these are not dispelled by uninformed Press comment. Change of any kind can easily be characterised as a sell-out to the rebels, such is the current state of the seige mentality, and the fact that all the "enemies of Ulster" are jumping on the PR bandwagon is considered a good enough argument for opposing it. Even the *Sunday Times*, usually the most reliable commentator on the Ulster crisis, was guilty of contributing to the misconceptions with a two-paragraph reference three weeks ago. According to the writer, Mr. Faulkner's cabinet was now completely split over PR, since it had been discovered that it would "virtually wipe out Unionist representation in three of the six counties—Fermanagh, Tyrone and Londonderry". Without qualification, she went on to forecast that John Taylor, Harry West and John Brooke would lose their seats.

Stormont sources, not to mention political scientists, dismiss such speculation as nonsense. The fact is that far from threatening Unionist representation in the West, seat of hard-line opinion, PR may be the only device which can save it. At the moment the three western counties account for 13 out of the 52 Stormont seats — exactly one-quarter — and the breakdown is seven Unionists to six non-Unionist. Catholic emigration has helped to keep the balance steady, but close study of population growth and movement within the region shows that the political picture may be changing. North Tyrone could go non-Unionist next time, and all three of the Ministers previously referred to could be endangered by a split in the Protestant vote, brought about by the promised intervention of Alliance Party candidates.

A "straight vote" election could have disastrous results for the Unionists, but under PR they might fare much better. Instead of the present 7-6 Unionist majority in the West, which belies the Catholic majority in the population, the figures might be reversed, making it 7-6 in favour of the Opposition. This would reflect the sympathies of the population more fairly, and would be seen to be more democratic. But there is no question at all — unless Protestants abandoned their age-old voting habits—of the Unionists losing all, or most of, their seats.

East of the Bann, the story would be much the same. One of limited change. At present, non-Unionists pick up only three of the 23 seats outside Belfast. They would certainly pick up at least one seat in Antrim, to enable them for the first time for many years to claim representation in all six counties, and the southern halves of Down and Armagh might support another non-Unionist. But gains would be fairly marginal. It is useful to go back to the pre-1929 position when PR gave Nationalists one seat out of 7 in Antrim, 2 out of 8 in Down and 2 out of 4 in Armagh—5 in all.

But it is in Belfast that non-Unionists might stand to gain most by PR. At present they have four out of 16, including one pro-constitution Labour, but there is no doubt that in the redrawing of boundaries which is now going on, at least two of these seats will disappear. Gerry Fitt's Dock and Paddy Kennedy's Central are certain casualties of redevelopment. But with PR, the Opposition should be able to maintain its present proportion of the Belfast seats. Interestingly enough, in 1925 the Nationalists won only one out of the 16 seats in Belfast, to Labour's three. Catholics obviously gave their lower preferences to the anti-Unionist — Labour — and this could happen again.

But in any assessment of the effects of PR on future elections, there are three unknown factors. One is the size of the future Stormont, another is the distribution of seats as between West and East and another is the strength of the Unionist Party. (Yet another is the future form of Stormont, which is unlikely to have the status of a parliament much longer, and the length of time which will elapse before an election can be held —but that is another story). Labour has suggested that representation should be doubled and, based on the present 12 Westminster constituencies, this would mean multi-member Stormont constituencies, with about nine members to each. A more likely solution could be seven-member constituencies, increasing Stormont membership by one-third.

If the constituencies are to be of equal size, the West would have to be content with fewer members in relation to the more populous East. This would, to a large extent, cancel out the advantage that PR would give to non-Unionists. The net result as between Unionists and non-Unionists could be very little different — in the 'twenties non-Unionists had 11 MPs, one fewer than now—but the psychological advantage of Catholics being able to see that gerrymandering was nullified and that they were getting representation in proportion to votes cast could be very important.

The pro-Unionist and anti-Unionist vote, therefore, would be much the same, and extending the vote to over-18s is not likely to gain the anti-Unionists much. But if the Unionist party splits, as seems more and more likely, between hard and soft liners, the next election, under PR, could be thrown wide open. (The Government, representing the soft line, must see the threat posed by the Paisley-Craig axis in any future election, and for survival's sake must be forced to adopt a PR policy). Between the hard-line, soft-line and anti-Unionists, there may be little to choose, and if the anti-Unionists can maintain any kind of unity, they could be a force to be reckoned with. No faction might have an overall majority, and alliances between the two kinds of Unionist and the soft-line and the anti-Unionists would be very uncertain, leading to dangerous instability.

Those who argue that there are only two ways of running Northern Ireland, with old-style Unionist repression, or in a totally new relationship with the Republic may yet be proved correct. Without a re-partition and mass movement of Catholic population from Belfast, the latter looks the more permanent proposition.

*The North 2.*

## Whose Explosions?

A POINT HAS NOW been reached where the bedlam-like complexity of the political scene in the North is matched by the chaos and confusion on the military front. Through a barrage of propaganda from all sides rings the stentorian voice of the Military Press Office proclaiming every bang and shot heard to be the work of "terrorists"—the Army synonym for the IRA. But while such assertions make life more simple for hard-pressed journalists covering the quick-moving extravaganza, they are not consistent with the fact that neither the Provisional nor the Official IRA have a monopoly in the business of explosions or shootings. Indeed if British Army statements that only the IRA is engaged in acts of violence, are believed, then there are some very mysterious things going on in Belfast. Some, of course, are quite minor puzzles. The bombing of a Catholic off-licence at Ardoyne, like the bombing of Catholic shops at Oldpark, Dundonald and Lisburn Road, and the fatal blast at a Catholic pub in Durham Street could all be silly mistakes by the IRA. So also could explosions at a Catholic school, and at a dozen Catholic homes in Belfast within the last month, be accidents or errors. And military suggestions that a gun-battle which took place across the "peace line" on the night of October 1st, was between opposing factions of the IRA seem less incredible than other reports from the same source—despite the fact that a Protestant from Shankill Road was wounded in the exchanges.

But some violent incidents are more deeply mysterious. An explosion at a house in Bann Street on September 21st resulted in the death of two men and the injury of another. All three were Protestants. First reports, from Army sources, indicated that a bomb had been thrown into the house by "terrorists"—a remarkable feat since the huge blast occurred in the centre of an upstairs bedroom at the rear of the house. Later reports, which said that the bomb was thrown from the rear, are more puzzling still. There are no back-alleys in Bann Street and the "terrorists" must have thrown the 50 lb. device over the roof of the terrace houses in the adjoining street. By a strange coincidence, the men involved were members of a well-known Orange lodge—Shankill Road Heroes. This lodge—LOL 1923—has achieved a degree of notoriety because of its custom of parading to Crumlin Road prison each year to greet one of its members, Gusty Spence, who is at present serving a sentence for the murder of a Catholic barman in Malvern Street in 1966. The RUC are "still investigating" the blast and it is not known yet if they have discovered the connection between Jim Finlay —one of the men killed—and the North End Defence Association, in which Mr. John McKeague has an interest. Mr. McKeague himself lost his mother in equally mysterious circumstances when fire destroyed his home following a small explosion. The bomb, according to forensic testimony at the inquest, had been made from potassium chlorate and sugar and was so small that it did not even shatter all the windows in the building. The token blast came at a time when Mr. McKeague was on holiday. His mother, who was due also to have gone to Portrush, had decided at the last moment to stay behind. A car which left the scene at high speed just before the blast was followed by a motorist. When stopped it was found to contain three Protestants from Dundonald. They were questioned for 48 hours before being released without charge. A reminder of the case was provided this month when a Protestant from Dundonald appeared before a Belfast court, where it was alleged that he made a statement admitting placing a much larger potassium chlorate/sugar bomb at a Catholic shop in Summerhill Avenue.

A recent explosion at the Bluebell Bar—an ultra-Protestant pub in Sandy Row—also had its peculiarities. The bomb was *planted* by two youths, not against the wall of the bar or in the doorway, but in a street at the side of the pub where it blew a crater in the pavement. Both bombers made their way on foot into Boyne Square—one of the most "loyal" areas in the city — and disappeared. The blast occurred on the eve of a "monster loyalist rally" at the City Hall. But the greatest enigma in recent times has been the explosion at The Four Step Inn on the Shankill Road, which killed Ernie Bates and "Joker" Andrews. "Joker," a friend of Jim Finlay, who was killed in the Bann Street incident, was a waiter in the pub and a member of LOL 1923 — Shankill Road Heroes. Both victims were badly mutilated by the 100 lb. blast—the largest ever to have occurred at a building in Belfast—yet the other persons at the scene suffered only relatively minor injuries from flying glass and falling masonry. Despite the fact that the pub was crowded to capacity, no one saw the two or more persons who would have been needed to carry such a load to the point inside the building near the toilet

(Continued in page 5)

**Q. Who is Tony Rosato ?**

**A. Tony Rosato is the only detainee to have been given the treatment as Palace Barracks and then released. He was thus able to corroborate the evidence given to Sunday Times by Fr. Denis Faul. Rosato won a trade union scholarship to Ruskin College, Oxford (David Blakely's alma mater) and from there he won scholarship to Queen's where he is now a second year Arts student. He was arrested under Special Powers Act at 2.30 a.m. on 11th October in his home at Sandymount St. Belfast and taken to the compound at Palace Barracks, Hollywood. During the afternoon, Dr. Arthur Vick, Vice Chancellor of Q.U.B. was approached by a university deputation consisting of Kevin Finnegan, President of the Students' Representative Council, John Houston, President-elect of the S.R.C. and Michael Dolley—a lecturer in the History Department who represented members of staff. There was also immediate pressure from several English members of the academic staff. Vick rang Howard Smith—the U.K. political representative in Northern Ireland and finally arranged his release at 4 p.m. on Tuesday, October 12th.**

**During his interrogation, Rosato was also questioned about Vick and about other members of the teaching staff. He reported all this to the Vice Chancellor.**

(Continued from Page 4).

and store where it exploded. Damage to the rear and side of the pub—which had no door, and only two small, heavily barred, windows in that area — was severe. Mr. Moffat—the publican—is reported to have sold the pub a short time before and to have been expecting the new owner, a Mr. Johnson, to take stock the following morning.

There have been many reports and statements which have added to the mystery. Both the Provisional and the Official IRA vehemently denied any connection with the disaster. One report, in an English magazine, linked the blast with the finding of the body of a Protestant who had died from gunshot wounds in the head. This report went on to speculate that the discovery of James Nelson's body slumped over the wheel of his parked car was connected with the Bluebell and McKeague explosions and the Four Step Inn incident, and that all these arose from rivalry between opposing Protestant factions. While strong differences do exist, there is no reason to suppose that it has reached the killing stage. The possibility of the first two blasts being the work of agents provocateur cannot be ruled out—especially when the anti-O'Neill explosions are remembered. The other two incidents —at Bann Strett and the Four Step Inn —were remarkably similar in that they both resulted from heavy charges of geliginite, both occurred well inside the buildings, and both resulted in the mutilation of of the victims.

Some day the truth may be known. In the meantime—according to Army PROs —the hand of the I.R.A. can be seen in every violent action which occurs.

*U.C.D.*

## A Successor For President Hogan

THE COMING ACADEMIC SESSION is likely to be Professor J. J. Hogan's last as President of U.C.D. Elected in 1964 he reaches the age limit this year and under normal circumstances his retirement would follow as a matter of course. There is a chance however that he may be asked to stay on for a further year or part of a year and the reason is this—if it happens—will almost certainly relate to the procedure by which Presidents of the N.U.I. Colleges are chosen. At the present time the final choice lies with the Senate of the N.U.I. At earlier stages the Academic Council and Governing Body of the College concerned express their preference but the final decision is taken by the Senate—which is not in any way bound by the earlier choices.

There are good reasons why a number of groups might not want the choice of the next President to lie with the present Senate. The Higher Education Authority for example is considering proposals for the restructuring of the universities and included in these will be proposals for a different method of presidential election and very probably too for a fixed term of office (rather than the present arrangement whereby the President retires at 70—even if elected at 40). It is possible that both the H.E.A. and the Minister for Education might wish to postpone the election of a new President until such changes are introduced.

Such a view might well receive considerable support within the universities also. The present Senate was elected for a four-year term of office in 1964 and has had its tenure extended by yearly Ministerial orders. The reason for these initial extensions were clear enough and related largely to the confusion and uncertainty which followed Donogh O'Malley's 'Merger' announcement. It looks however as if this uncertainty is going to continue for some time longer and feeling is growing among many academics that the Senate—which is not particularly representative anyway—has no mandate at present to elect a new President and that there should at least be a new Senate before the election of a new U.C.D. President takes place. Indeed it is possible that moves in this direction may well be initiated by academics in all of the N.U.I. Colleges this coming term.

If the present procedure is adhered to and the election takes place in the customary manner then it is very probable that the person selected will be the present Registrar, Professor Thomas Murphy. Other possible names are frequently mentioned—names such as Prof. James Meenan, Prof. John O'Donnell ,Prof. Patrick Lynch (though not so much of late), Prof. James Dooge, Prof. D. K. O'Donovan, and Prof. Denis Donoghue. On present reckoning however there is little doubt but that Tom Murphy is a clear leader and does not look like being overtaken.

He certainly is a formidable candidate. During his seven years as Registrar he has built up for himself a position of considerable strength. He is an able and humane administrator, a tough negotiator and a brisk efficient chairman. Moreover he is a member of the outgoing Senate and it is thought that he will be able to count upon the support of a majority of members of that body.

But though he is genuinely well liked in U.C.D. there would certainly be strong opposition to his candidature. At present this opposition is rather diverse but the very strength of his position may well serve to give it a new coherence. It is thought that recent rumblings suggest that those most opposed to Tom Murphy are searching for a candidate of their own—a candidate strong enough to oppose him effectively and of sufficient stature to maintain the support of the various sections. Any postponement of the election would suit this group—they have a lot of leeway to make up—and any postponement which would result in the election of a new Senate would be especially helpful.

It may not be altogether a coincidence then if in the months to come determined efforts are made by senior or influential academics either to postpone the election of a new President or to allow the election of a new Senate. For very different reasons the H.E.A., those who don't want Tom Murphy as President, and many ordinary members of the academic community might support such a move. It will be interesting to see some curious alliances emerge in the process.

And it might not be altogether inappropriate either to recall the last time there was a real contest for the Presidency. In 1964 the opposition to Professor Hogan was little more than token. In 1949 the situation was very different. The two main contenders were Senator Barnaville and Professor Nolan, and it was because of the deadlock between them that Dr. Michael Tierney was able to secure election.

If in the months to come the anti-Murphy forces succeed in producing a strong candidate of their own there might well be a repetition of the 1949 situation with the opening up of the contest and the emergence of a somewhat unlikely third choice.

*Census*

## What Happens To Cork?

SHOULD THE POPULATION shift revealed in the census returns result in redrawing of constituencies in Cork the Taoiseach's own stamping ground is certain to get prior consideration. The County Borough which is comprised of the two city constituencies is up by 6,089. How much of the increase is contained in Cork City South-East and in Cork City North-West remains to be seen, but with the county up 5,943 it may be taken that Fianna Fail's best prospects would lie in an expansion of the city's North-West Constituency into part of the existing Cork North-East area.

Despite the Taoiseach's massive personal vote of 11,227 in 1969 he just managed to coat-tail his running mate, Sean French, into a seat. French's poll was the second lowest of the seven candidates in the field. With a First Count score of no more than 2,046 he needed every one of the 3,828 transfers that he received from the distribution of the Taoiseach's surplus. Even at that, he had to sit it out to the Fifth Count to be elected without reaching the Quota of 6,412.

During the intervening two years Sean French has had nothing going for him that would help to raise his hopes of improving on his last performance. Indeed, the resignation from the Party of a number of

(Continued in page 6)

## MICHAEL Mc KEOWN

### In Belfast

ALTHOUGH THE "disturbances" as they are quaintly called have been disrupting the entertainment facilities in the city of Belfast the situation is not as depressing as might appear. It is true that the Arts Theatre has closed, as has the Grand Central Hotel, as well as many of those singing pubs fondly called night clubs. It is a fact that our one strip club has been wrecked whether in an attempt to keep Catholic Ireland, Catholic or Protestant Ulster, Protestant, nobody knows. However we have been offered alternative sources of entertainment. In rivalry to that well known music hall at Stormont we now have two other assemblies to amuse us with their revels as we plod busless around Belfast looking for a pub that is still in business.

The old woman who complained to me as she glowered at the gutted wreckage of a Belfast shop "We made the mistake when we gave them education" was not so far wrong. Those eleven plus boys like Currie and Taylor, O'Hanlon and Bailie, Kennedy and Laird have never quite outgrown their college debating days. They still in their hearts yearn for the heady oratory of the debating societies in which the great issues of the day were solved with a maximum of ease and a minimum of reality. There is little doubt that the levels of debate rise as the power of decision making falls. The quality of the rhetoric has clearly improved at Stormont since it reopened this month in its new role as a consultative assembly for the Protestant people of the North. It is likely that the journalists and TV crews who will flock to the opening of the other Assembly at Strabane Town Hall will be treated to the equally rousing oratory. But for sheer authentic sunburstry I imagine it is hard to beat the that third Assembly at Monaghan. McManus and Kennedy are great men for the old invective.

Like all good vaudeville these three playhouses offer an escape from reality. Their respective repertory companies contain talented performers who can create an enticing fantasy world in which for a while people can ignore the bombings, shootings and arson; and its all quite harmless as long as people don't believe in it. And that's not likely. Credibility is the one quality which none of the three assemblies enjoys or is likely to enjoy. But of course that does not make them unique in the Northern morass. The only credible element around here at the moment is the tangible evidence of charred buses, gutted houses, army barricades and empty streets. Nothing else can be believed and most of it is not amusing.

The British Army cannot be believed as they deny allegations of brutality and make extravagant claims about the casualties inflicted on the enemy. Every engagement is followed by the report that one, two, three—you name it, you have it—gunmen have been hit but no supporting bodies are produced to substantiate the claims. Army personnel of all ranks appear before television cameras, flushed from battle to retail as fact an account of the incident which is highly subjective and selective. Of all the fantasies that the myth makers of the three assemblies could create, none could equal the claim of Major Marston Tickle in the middle of internment week that the British Army had killed thirty gunmen.

The R.U.C. of course are nearly as good as the British Army. Of course they have fifty years practice at it. They know with that Infallibility conferred upon them by the Special Powers Act just who does what. They know the names of the men who bombed the Four Step Inn; they know who killed the Scottish soldiers at Ligoniel; they know who caused the Brougher Mountain explosion. Of course they don't do what more fallible police forces do and publish the names of people they think might help them with their enquiries. Instead they keep these to themselves and only publish them when they are no longer relevant. As soon as Patrick McAdorey, an acknowledged I.R.A. officer was killed on August 9th, official sources revealed that he had been responsible for the Ligoniel killings. The credibility for this report was not enhanced when a couple of weeks later official sources further revealed that the R.U.C. knew that the men wanted for that action were alive and well and living in the Irish Republic. You'd think that after fifty years of it they could produce a more coherent story.

And then there's the Government. Brian Faulkner scares the Unionist Council into giving him a dubious vote of confidence by telling them that Northern Ireland is within weeks of economic bankruptcy, and Roy Bradford is so indiscreet as to repeat the dire meaningless warning in public. Robin Bailie the man who has to convince foreign industrialists that everything in the garden is rosy did his best to correct the gaafe without calling either Faulkner or Bradford a liar, but it took some doing.

The members of the Unionist Council probably still believe it. They still believe for instance that Brian Faulkner is Prime Minister of Northern Ireland; this despite all the evidence that John Taylor took over this role sometime in mid-July. Do you remember when he said more people would have to be shot? It's happening, isn't it? As many people have been killed in the two months since Aug. '71 as in the two years between Aug. '69 and Aug. '71. Do you remember when he said the border roads would have to be blown? That's happening. Mind you I think its unfair that he is still getting less money then Brian Faulkner for having to make all the hard decisions.

The Establishment does not have a monopoly on myth. Consider the S.D.L.P. claim that the Strabane Assembly will be representative of the Opposition. With Bernadette absent and Liam McMillan absent and Billy Kelly absent, their credibility even as an alternative to an alternative assembly is severely strained. Then for a good laugh try the Republican one about not wishing to stir up sectarian strife by their campaign of violence. Do you wonder that I don't know who to believe?

But at least I know what to believe. I believe in the Protestant backlash. We have had enough examples of it in 1968, '69, '70, '71 to treat it seriously and to profess faith in its continuing potential. I believe that the military solution of the British Government is a mirage beguiling the protagonists of this theory further into an arid desert of escalating violence. I believe that the seven or eight thousand who rallied for sanity in Botanic Park do not count for much against the thousands who rallied in Casement Park against internment or the thousands who rallied in Victoria Park against appeasement. The stupidity of the British Government and the futility of the moderates and as Winston Churchill said "the integrity" of the old quarrel: these are the only articles of faith available to the pilgrim through the Northern rubble. It would nearly make you a sceptic.

(Continued from page 5)

prominent officers, including the chairman of Jack Lynch's Cumann, could be more than enough to deprive him of the 628 votes by which he took the seat, in the Fifth Count, from the city's first dissident, Alderman Sam Allen. Going it alone against the Taoiseach himself at the head of the highly geared Fianna Fail machine, Allen led French by more than a thousand Number Ones. In point of fact, Allen was never eliminated. At the final count he was lying a mere 421 votes behind Fine Gael's Liam Burke when Burke and French were elected without reaching the Quota. After he had received three-fourths of the Lynch surplus French's showing was poor all the way. His total benefits from non-Fianna Fail transfers amounted to 73 from Fine Gael and 273 from the elimination of Labour's two candidates, T. P. Leahy and Pat Kerrigan. Allen, on the other hand, received 1,705 transfers from Labour and 254 from Fine Gael.

While Liam Burke was below French when they secured the two last seats the difference between them was only 267. Burke, on his first time out, headed the six candidates after the Taoiseach. Popular and energetic and a shrewd businessman into the bargain, he has not let any grass grow under his feet in consolidating his position. In an election now or at any time the Fine Gael Deputy could be expected to make it well ahead of French—provided that the constituency is not changed. Even with altered boundaries Burke could probably more than hold his own. But Sam Allen in an enlarged city constituency would be a horse of a different colour to the man who almost brought it off in '69. A son of "The North City," where he has long been a one-man social service, his appeal in the county portion of an enlarged constituency would be slight. Thus the edge of his threat to Fianna Fail would be blunted.

Any re-juggling of constituency boundaries this time will be aimed at survival. And Sean French is clearly the Fianna Leesider who most needs respiration. To recast the two city constituencies without cutting into the county would endanger Jack Lynch's personal friend and confidential local adviser, Deputy Gus Healy. Since the City North-West must, if there is to be a four-seater, be the obvious choice, it cannot become one without encroaching on Pearse Wyse and Gus Healy territory—if it does not take in part of the county.

Pearse Wyse, the neighbour and successor of the late Alderman Deputy Johnny Galvin, is well entrenched in the City South-East. Heading the poll with a whopping 10,434 votes, in 1969, he was able to easily elect Gus Healy in the Second Count with a transfer of a solid block of 3,182. Fianna Fail is not in danger in the City South-East, but making it a four-seater would be running a risk that could mean the loss of Gus Healy in the Dail.

Any proposals for an extension of the City North-West into North-East Cork is likely to be resisted by Sean Brosnan, the Youghal-based running mate of Minister for Defence, Jerry Cronin. In 1969 the quietly-spoken former Kerry footballer and barrister took the North-East seat held for forty years by Martin Corry. The veteran founding father was a non-runner the last time but he burned the midnight oil in his efforts to secure the election of Senator Liam Aherne, the son of his life-long friend and supporter, the late Eamonn Aherne. Liam Aherne has never abandoned his aspirations for the Lower House. And Martin Corry will back him again, and at all times, against Sean Brosnan, to the last hurrah. Probably for the first time all three will be united in their opposition to the loss of any votes to a city constituency. The Minister for Defence, on his power base along the Mallow-Fermoy axis, will hardly be affected. If French's seat is to be saved in the city the Corry-Aherne representations will receive scant consideration. Brosnan, a personal friend and colleague of the Taoiseach on the Cork Circuit will, too, have to concede the truth of *Necisitas Non Habit Legum.*

**Q. Who claimed this week that 'there is no such thing as an independent newspaper'?**

**A. Eamonn McCann, in a revealing booklet entitled 'The British Press and Northern Ireland' which is a clever analysis of just that. It is published by the Northern Ireland Socialist Research Centre.**

## *Education*

# A Vicious Circle

ON DECEMBER 15, 1967, the Minister for Education appointed a tribunal with the following terms of reference:

(a) To recommend a common basic scale of salary for teachers in national, secondary and vocational schools.

(b) To recommend what appropriate additions might be made to the basic scale in respect of qualifications, length of training, nature of duties, etc.

The purpose of the tribunal was to establish an equitable salary scale acceptable to all teachers. Its effect has been a series of strikes by the secondary and vocational teachers and hard-line attitudes being struck by sections within the associations of both those bodies, the Association of Secondary Teachers, Ireland, and the Vocational Teachers Association. The Irish National Teachers Organisation has been strangely demure, but then it is an open secret that it was because of mounting pressure from that body that the tribunal was set up in the first instance, and, in addition to that, it resulted in establishing what was long their hearts' desire, namely parity of salary with those in the post-primary branches.

The secondary teachers were the first to go out. They were deeply outraged both at the terms and implications of the Ryan Report, which the recommendations of the tribunal, which was presided over by Professor Louden Ryan of Trinity College, became known as. Possibly the implications hurt them more. After all, they claimed, the period of preparation for their profession was four years compared with two years for the national teachers. They had to teach up to Leaving Cert. level, put in long hours of preparation and correction, etc., and for all that they were to be paid, basically, the same as teachers who had none of those onerous duties and who were, apparently because of this and because of the fact that they were trained at state expense and spent only half as long in training, traditionally paid less. By exercising the authority assigned to it by its second term of reference, the tribunal made a strong effort to assuage the hurt academic feelings of the secondary teachers by offering a higher starting salary for those who had more than two years' full-time training, special allowances for degrees and the higher diploma in education and the creation within the schools of posts of responsibility carrying additional allowances. As these posts both in number and in size of allowance were to be based mainly on a points allocation which varied upward with the higher ages of the pupils, it was felt that due recompense would be made for the obviously less acceptable elements of the Report. But it did not work out like that. The Ryan recommendation of £50 for a degree and £25 for a higher diploma in education (since, but little less enticingly, increased to £90 and £31 respectively) was not attractive. In a situation where the most lucrative post of responsibility, that of school principal, could not in the nature of things be occupied by a lay teacher, and where it was obvious that control traditionally exercised by clerical authority would not be relinquished or to any substantial degree shared, the proposals regarding posts of responsibility were not the kind of thing they could accept. The A.S.T.I. went on strike.

To get them back the Minister did an incredibly stupid thing. He broke the terms of the Ryan Report which, with some amendments, he and the V.T.A. and I.N.T.O. had agreed to, and offered the secondary teachers what was tantamount to substantial salary increases in lieu of posts of responsibility. The V.T.A. were now out, and the I.N.T.O. made militant noises.

To get the V.T.A. back it was necessary to revise the whole position and a sort of compromise was arrived at which went some way towards re-establishing parity between the three groups. This meant, however, that allowances of £100 to £300 made to secondary teachers in their strike settlement were not to be paid to future secondary teachers. The arrangement was accepted in a reluctant way by a ballot vote of the A.S.T.I. It has not been accepted, *in pectore*, by a substantial number of its members. There is a militant movement within the association that is inflamed by a feeling of injustice that these events have brought about. At the moment it does not seem that this is a movement directed at setting up a separate organisation from the A.S.T.I., but rather at fostering a more militant attitude. After all, as one of them put it: would dockers be treated like this?—Would they indeed?

**Q. Whom did the Minister for Foreign Affairs consult for several hours before the delivery of his speech to the U.N. in New York on October 7?**

**A. Mr. Paddy Kennedy, the Republican Labour M.P. for Belfast Central.**

## *Adoption*

# Mary Robinson and the 1971 Bill

SENATOR MARY ROBINSON has not exactly endeared herself to the Irish hierarchy as a result of her efforts in the Senate to have the importation and sale of contraceptives legalised. Undaunted by her failure to have her Bill on that controversial subject get a first reading, the Senator tried again, this time with an equally controversial subject, the *Adoption Bill, 1971*. It must have come as a pleasant surprise to her when Senate leader Thomas Mullins relented last July, allowed her Bill to have its maiden voyage, and made no effort to oppose it. It may well be that the Leader of the House considered it wiser in this case to let the Bill be published than to have controversy erupt over a Bill whose contents were technically unknown.

Anyone who has read the history of the legalisation of adoption in this country in Whyte's *Church and State in Modern Ireland 1923-70* will be aware that the religious clauses not merely involved extremely careful drafting but almost deprived the country of legal adoption altogether. Prophets of doom foretold that legal adoption would lead to legal proselytism, and consequently the most stringent precautions were built into what ultimately became the Adoption Act, 1952. The central religious prescription laid down that "the applicant or applicants (for an adoption order) shall be of the same religion as the child and his parents or, if the child is illegitimate, his mother" (s. 12). Apart from a special arrangement agreed to by six named religious groups which did not include the Roman Catholic Church, this meant that inter-Church adoptions were legally banned. It also meant — and this appeared to be deliberate — that a mixed marriage was barred from ever legally adopting a child.

*Courtesy of Private Eye*

Sympathy for mixed marriages has grown in most Churches since the Second Vatican Council, and many people felt that the time had come to remove this anomaly in our adoption law. Senator Robinson's Bill clearly envisages its removal. What is bound to raise hackles, however, is the way in which the Senator seeks to remove what is in fact a prescription affecting a minute section of the population: *she seeks to eliminate the religious clauses altogether.* Before we agree with this seeming liberal stand, we must see something of the position to which it logically leads us.

To the casual reader who pays his 2½ new pence to purchase a copy of the *Adoption Bill, 1971*, the question of religion appears only in a relatively unimportant section dealing with those who have a right to appear before the Adoption Board. Only the trained legal mind, however, will note the significance of the very brief section 3: "Each enactment specifies in the Schedule is hereby repealed to the extent indicated in the third column of the Schedule."

Off we go to the third column of the schedule, to find there under the heading "Enactments Repealed" the mathematical-looking list "Sections 12, 15 (2) (a), 15 (2) (b)." To cut a long story short, what the Senator is proposing is that we eliminate all the basic religious guarantees which have been written into the Act.

What does this mean? It means firstly that Catholic children could be adopted by Protestant parents, and *vice versa*. Liberals may applaud. But to those who are familiar with the Irish adoption scene, such a situation would revive once again the old proselytism of the past: over-zealous Catholic parents (and societies?) would again be on the look-out for a Protestant child, and the almost defunct Protestant proselytising agencies (repudiated by the vast majority of Irish Protestants) would get a new lease of life. It is doubtful if the institutions of legal adoption would survive at all in the proselytising war that would certainly be released.

Adoption experts and constitutional lawyers will doubtless probe some of the other proposals in Senator Robinson's Bill. The question will certainly be asked whether the proposal to allow the legal adoption of legitimate children who are not orphans is not directly contrary to the Constitution. The suggestion that the Adoption Board be given power to dispense with the natural mother's consent to adoption even in cases where it is *reasonably* withheld is a proposal that will shock many professional social workers. On the relatively minor issue of the right of a mixed marriage to adopt a baby, the Senator seems to be using an atomic bomb to wipe out what is probably no more serious a target than a hornet's nest.

**Q. Who's Who inside Palace Military Barracks, Hollywood?**

**A. The barracks is the Headquarters of the 1st Parachute Regiment. They are on two year duty in Northern Ireland. Also based there are some members (number unknown as their very existence is cloaked in secrecy) of the 22nd Special Air Service Regiment. This is a counter-insurgent organisation similar to the American Green Berets. They were used in Cyprus and Aden. The torture compound consists of two huts surrounded by a corrugated iron perimeter wall. It is located well to the rear of the camp and cannot be seen from outside. It is officially called an RUC reception centre. While soldiers guard the Barracks as a whole, the compound is guarded by members — armed with .38 pistols — of the SPG (believed to be the Number 7 Section, code named Silver and based at Musgrave St. RUC barracks). SPG is the Special Patrol Group of August 1969 pogrom fame.**

# When you're the best whiskey around...

The word gets around...

and around...

and around...

and around.

CRESTED TEN Linger over it. We did.

WILSON HARTNELL

## MUSINGS

### Anne Harris

SEAN O'RIADA taught me music. Sean O'Riada played at my wedding. This gives me no right to add any eulogies. It does I feel entitle me to demand why RTE has wiped or erased every single visual record of Sean O'Riada playing either alone or with Ceoltoiri Cualann. This crime became immediately clear during the programme "Omos do Shean O'Riada". Despite Sean O'Mordha's clever technique of playing in a sound recording which was then taken up in vision by Ceoltoiri Cualann, the empty stool at the harpsichord spoke volumes of silence. Yet no less than three lengthy series had been recorded in the past, *Aililiu, Music and Man* and *Songs and Stories* . . . some thirty programmes. These were destroyed forever to make way for the kind of programmes you see on your screens. Sean O'Mordha was bitter as he outlined the extent of the loss "I gave instructions for one programme in each series to be kept. Someone in top management over-ruled this and wiped the tape. They destroyed the visual documentation of Sean O'Riada's approach to traditional music, the Munster songs, especially. We had a visual record of the development of an Irish artist — Sean the educator and Sean the communicator. Now its gone forever."

RTE were quick to punish the opponents of Eurovision. Surely there is a greater need for an inquisition here.

* * *

THE TWO Sinn Fein Ard Fheiseanna take place this month in the shadow of a General Election. Neither gathering will reflect any great interest in this fact; the eyes of their members are fixed on more distant and revolutionary events. The Gardiner St. Ard Fheis at the Mansion House, more intensely political, will also reveal more accurately the losses of internment. The dynamic northern bureau which dominated much of last year's Ard Fheis now carries out deliberations in Long Kesh. The recent arrest of Jim "Solo" Sullivan removes another flamboyant organiser. The political image of the movement in the north is temporarily dependent on a stocky Lurgan man, Malachy McGurran. Last week he could be found relaxing in a Dublin Chinese restaurant, assessing the condition of his adopted city, Derry.

Much of McGurran's success comes from the fact that the British Army make it clear that they want him very badly and yet he refuses to go to ground. He has no time for the heroic appearance followed by silence. "People like myself who are on the run have to speak in public. Back in the '40s and '50s going on the run really meant that you stopped dead and hid. When we go on the run it means literally that. Well at least a brisk walk. How else can you reach the people?" His public appearances such as the 12th September Casement Park rally usually end by inviting some 12,000 people to see him home.

McGurran who was interned for a year in 1958, and spent a year in Mountjoy in 1961 became a full-time organiser in 1963, spending most of his time in the 26 counties. He enthusiastically supported the swing to the left and became a specialist student of Lenin's definition of agitation; the dissemination of a few simple ideas among a large group of people. "Civil resistance is a mass agitation for a mass demand: release the internees. But when the last internee is released these action committees will be the basis of revolutionary organisation with 95% support in barricade areas." He constantly speculates on how power can be generated from the mass of the people, "The Civil Resistance campaign is really making the M.P.s servants of the people."

The void left by Eamonn McCann has been largely filled by McGurran's loose alliance which stretches from the Socialist Resistance Group through the Young Socialists and International Socialists and even Eamonn McCann himself when he can be there. He is grimly humourous about the personality struggles among the S.D.L.P. but has great personal regard for Ivan Cooper. "He will go into any dangerous situation. He has great guts."

However he is slow to knock anybody and has no illusions about his own movement's position. "The people of Derry have taken so much that if they were given freedom and John Hume tried to form a government they'd throw him out. The same goes for the IRA. All we can do is to make a repressive system unworkable. The people will decide what to work."

This quality of detachment gives his opinions on Derry an especial force. Obviously not the natty, chatty, emotionally conspiratorial, randy man from the Walls, which television has made reasonably familiar, he yet views these people with a kind of fearful respect. "People don't realise that British Army or not, Derry will be virtually ungovernable for a long time to come. The youth is fed on C.S. gas and unemployment. Their education is at riot and funeral. They have no future." He points to the new toughness of the women. "Hardship has made militant Tricotieres of them. The most bitter rioting has been done by the women. The walk outs from jobs have been organised by the women."

He finished his last spare rib and in case I should think he was too serious expressed some regrets about the relationship between Derrywomen and himself, not for this review. Then he left for Derry, looking at 31 years, like nothing any woman would want for a date, the result of careful disguise. The British Army are only likely to meet him on a very blind date.

* * *

RTE JOURNALISTS who came out strongly against censorship under Section 31 of the Broadcasting Act must have felt betrayed when John Healy of the Irish Times leaped to the Government's defence. On Thursday, October 7th, he told Muintir Mhuigheo that the issue was as simple as "Who governed the country, parliament or the communicators in RTE?" Backbencher's approach next day was equally sophisticated, noting that the "Top of the mast at Montrose has a such nice red light on it."

It is unfair to think that Healy is scabbing merely to curry favour with the Government. He has two long-standing personal scores to settle with Montrose. In the first place as those who read his column until a few years ago will remember, it was his custom to refer nostalgically to the exit of Hurlers on the Ditch. He frequently mourned his demotion from the superfluous position as political advisor to Gunnar Ruggheimer. A similar niche with Douglas Gageby failed to console him for Montrose's second crime; namely the erosion of the kind of journalism and indeed the kind of politics on which he thrived. Healy was the last echo from an age when the village pundit read extracts from the Freeman's Journal about the doings of the "Parliamentary Party" in London to a respectful peasantry. In Healy's world politics takes place only among politicians. Their actions and more importantly their words, are studied like astrological signs for hidden meanings. The faithful newshounds at the inner table are thrown tit-bits of gossip which they then parade to the public as evidence of warm friendships. Television wrecked this cosy world. It revealed rather than explained. Its participative approach allowed people to emerge clearly against the backdrop of real socio-economic constraints. Television's apotheosis was its coverage of how the Civil Rights explosion blew the wispy southern snipe grass politics apart. Increasingly journalists like Healy are mysterymen without any mysteries. Finally their comment becomes more sacred as their facts float more free.

## *B.V.A.*

## Senator Killilea Takes Off

SINCE THE DISMISSAL last July of Senator Mark Killilea and of Jerry Cronin, the present Minister for Defence from their posts as Foreman-Secretaries in the Sugar Company, where they worked on behalf of the growers, it has only been a question of how and when the retaliation would come. The announcement last week, therefore, that Killilea was forming a breakaway Western-based group of the Beet and Vegetable Growers' Association came as no surprise. While Jerry Cronin's was the more important head to roll, there has been little reaction in Mallow, where the big farmers and the N.F.A. are firmly in control. This is not the case, however, in Killilea's stamping ground of Galway, where farming support for the B.V.A. has been weak and weaker still since it was announced that the B.V.A. would soon be merging with the N.F.A.

The official B.V.A. line on the July incident was that despite the fact that among the dismissed men were a Government Minister and a Fianna Fail Senator, the sackings were not politically motivated. The B.V.A. at the time claimed that the shake-up was a move to rationalise their organisation and provide full-time jobs to which the sacked men could re-apply. But the timing of the sackings, coming as they did a short while before the planned merger of the B.V.A. into a new N.F.A. set-up which will include among others the Leinster and Cork Milk Suppliers' Associations, was not without significance. This merger and the new N.F.A. Constitution soon to be adopted (which incidentally will allow T. J. Maher to go forward as President for another term, which under present N.F.A. rules he would not be allowed to do) will result in a much more powerful and centralised organisation.

To support his claim that the sackings were not a political move, Mr. James Plunkett, President of the B.V.A. points to a letter he wrote to Senator Killilea in July which said that "in view of your special service with the association, special consideration will be given to an application from you for one of the positions advertised". Seemingly the Senator was not attracted by the offer, and his initiative in forming a new organisation is calculated to cause the most damage to the B.V.A./N.F.A. plans.

The main strength of the B.V.A. (and the reason it is so attractive to the N.F.A.) rests in the system of financing which operates. To be a member one must be a beet or vegetable grower, but unlike the N.F.A. set-up there is no 'sub' to be collected. Instead the Sugar Company deducts a small percentage of the payment of every ton of produce delivered to its factories, for example four new pence for every ton of potatoes, and this is then paid to the B.V.A. With a membership of about 20,000, approximately £60,000 is collected annually in this way at no cost to the B.V.A. This arrangement which predates the formation of the Sugar Company, has obvious advantages to the B.V.A. and N.F.A. but could place the breakaway group on a firm financial footing if it can attract sufficient support from Western growers and achieve recognition (and payment of the money collected) from the Sugar Company. The intention of the new group to organise on a parish basis and negotiate separately for the farmers of the West could win them a high degree of support in the area if energetically pursued and the prestigous association of the former General Manager of the Sugar Company, Lt. General Costello, now farming in the West, is a good start.

Killilea's father, like Cronin's was a founder member of the B.G.A. which became the B.V.A. two years ago, and he was an efficient organiser in that association. As yet his son has not displayed similar organisational talents, and much will depend on the man or men he chooses to work with him. But whatever its long-term success, the formation of the new Killilea breakaway group, coming just a few weeks before the opening of negotiations for next year's vegetable and beet crops, poses a real threat to the B.V.A. and may delay if not sabotage the impending merger with the N.F.A. It is likely that in the coming months, the B.V.A. will have many opportunities to regret their hasty action last July, which resulted in the summary sackings of a Fianna Fail Senator, not to mention a Fianna Fail Government Minister.

## *Dail Eireann*

## Only ? Days To Christmas

THE DAIL is back in action for the winter, and it looks as if it will pay for its dissipation of all those early summer hours on Mr. Des O'Malley's Forcible Entry Bill. Deputies have a slaughter of last April's Departmental Estimates to get through before Christmas, because the Appropriation Bill must be through both Houses by the end of the calendar year. It looks like Friday sittings through November and December.

These Estimates cover some controversial items of public spending, and some of them certainly cannot be packed into a few hours. Ideally, the whole of the session between now and Christmas would be required for full consideration of these Estimates.

That, however, cannot be. There is just too much urgent legislation to be dealt with. Top of the list is the Bill to substitute a system of Value Added Tax for our present turnover and wholesale taxes. This is to come into operation by March, so the Bill will have to be through both Houses before then. There are plenty of indications already that it will be difficult and controversial, and time-consuming.

Then, there is a stack of business, big and small, to be put through in anticipation of Common Market membership—quite a lot of it adjustment in existing legislation. Several Ministers will be involved, and again time will be consumed.

Then, there is the Census and its implications for electoral change. If it is decided to revise the constituencies before the next election, the task would have to be put in hand as soon as possible, because it is always considered important to make boundary changes in good time so that Deputies and candidates generally have time to get used to their adjusted areas. If changes were left to the eve-of-poll, it is obvious that many candidates would be left unfairly to plough countryside which somebody else would harvest.

Very few pieces of legislation can be as slow as those dealing with votes, voting and constituencies, and it must be assumed that a good part of the winter will go on this task — one of absorbing interest to all Deputies.

On top of all that, the Government will have to make time for emergency debates now and then on current developments—on the North, the E.E.C., the economy. And time, of course, for that motion of Mr. Cosgrave's in private members' time seeking to censure the Minister for Agriculture, Mr. Gibbons. The indications now are that the Taoiseach will let it take its course, so it should come up fairly early in November. The current thinking is that he will take whatever gamble there is involved in facing the motion and the vote on it. On the off-chance that he is beaten, this might not bring the automatic dissolution some people expect. It is thought more likely that Mr. Lynch might come in the following morning with the motion of confidence in himself and his Government for which all Fianna Fail Deputies voted last summer.

One is tempted to say it looks like a lively Dail year—except that in recent times the Dail seems to have a genius for flattening and rendering commonplace and dreary the most interesting and important material: so we cannot be sure. At least there should be some lively interludes between now and Christmas.

*The Press*

## A Shaky Alliance

THE WAY in which newspapers sermonise on the state of the nation, strikes and industrial relations generally, would lead people to suppose that everything within the industry was peaceful and well-ordered.

If that impression was not dispelled during the long and bitter printers' dispute in 1965 which led to the closure of the Dublin morning, evening and Sunday newspapers for a couple of months, then the recent closure because of a dispute at Irish Press Limited should have alerted the most unobservant observer of happenings in Irish life.

The refusal of an Irish Press lorry driver to deliver copies of the Sunday Press into Belfast brought about one of the most hamfisted exercises in industrial relations seen in these islands for a number of years. It raised again the notorious agreement between the Dublin newspapers — that if one paper is affected by industrial trouble which leads to its closure the other papers will also cease publication — for not only was the Irish Press affected by an unofficial dispute but the management, by invoking the agreement, eventually managed to embroil Independent Newspapers and the Irish Times. However, only one issue of the Irish Times was affected but Independent Newspapers lost the Evening Herald for two days and the Irish Independent on one day.

The dispute became effective on a Saturday night but the managers' agreement did not become operative until about an hour before noon on the following Tuesday. It is said that the agreement was invoked earlier but there was, firstly, a refusal on the part of Independent Newspapers to observe it. In fact the Sunday Independent printed while the Sunday Press presses remained silent. The Monday Irish Independent didn't exactly try to repel new buyers by the printing of fewer copies than usual, or not printing at all, and the Evening Herald on Monday didn't exactly seek to turn away Evening Press business.

Probably it will never be known whether or not the managers' agreement was invoked earlier than it was implemented. It is said in the industry that the Irish Press management invoked the agreement when they ran into trouble but all they met with was a sullen lack of response.

The agreement's terms eventually became effective, it is said, at a higher level of management, at board level. It is openly discussed in the newspaper industry that Mapor de Valera of the Irish Press sought to take his paper out of difficulties at the highest possible level in the other boardrooms.

This agreement, which has been under considerable pressure since the printing strike in 1965, is likely to come under more serious pressure in the months and years ahead.

Journalistic unease at the management decision to embroil all Dublin newspapers in the dispute was voiced by the National Union of Journalists' Chapel of the Irish Independent and backed up the following day by the Irish Press journalists.

The journalists were critical of the newspapers extolling private enterprise virtues and press freedom on the one hand while resorting to monopoly or cartel-type tactics to resolve their difficulties.

They tried to expose, on the only remaining medium operating on a national basis — the State-owned TV station — not too successfully the hypocrisy of the newspapers' position. The newspapers had not placed unofficial pickets but they stood on unofficial strike more united than any group of workers.

The Irish Press affected by an unofficial dispute sacks one worker. The following day it locks out that worker's colleagues. It suspends publication. Eventually all newspapers are closed because the Irish Press calls for employer solidarity.

The Irish Congress of Trade Unions advises workers to pass unofficial pickets — not always successfully — and if workers want a firm closed totall the union in dispute has to apply to Congress for permission to place "all-out" pickets. The newspapers have backed Congress on this and have often blistered the trade union movement for lack of responsibility and leadership. Yet here the owners staged their own unofficial strike against both the public and the workers in their enterprise.

Normally when this agreement is invoked it comes at a time when a union (or unions) is making a claim against the employers as a group and it cannot be resolved.

Recently however when the Independent tried to fire its financial editor and the N.U.J. Chapel in that group told the management to withdraw from that position and keep the man at his post, the Independent issued protective notice to all employees when the N.U.J. served strike notice. Other papers also served their employees with "protective notice" but it was known that the Irish Times was very resentful of the position it was placed in as a result of the agreement.

No union moved to contest the issuing of notices to employees by either the Irish Press or Irish Times but on this occasion the N.U.J. in the Independent, according to its statement, published in the "Cork Examiner", was going to ask its Union to serve strike notice should the Independent issue "dismissal" notices, regarding them as unjust. That warning will not go unheeded by the more apparently militant trade unionists in the printing industry than the "respectable" N.U.J.

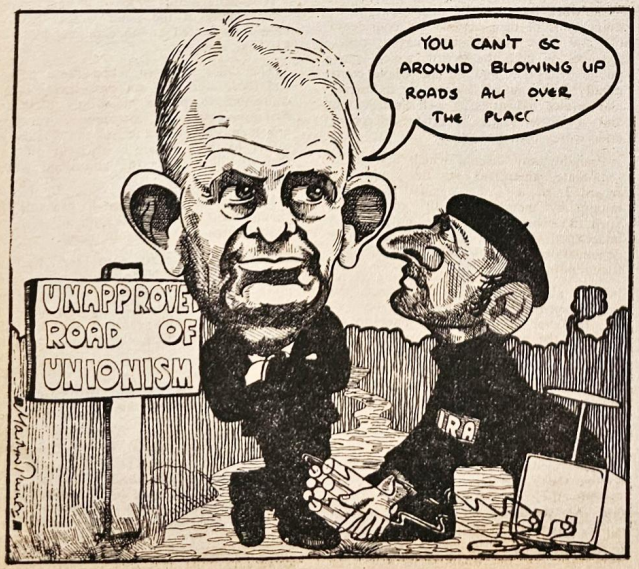
There are other things which emerge from the most recent troubles in the newspaper industry. There was a general impression given, and it was being freely discussed, that the Irish Press management wanted the closure because it gave some people at management level necessary ammunition to argue for a rationalisation of the papers in the group.

The closure of the Irish Press was again mooted as one of the reasons for the intransigence of the management and the consequent cessation of publication. The simple conclusion that the Irish Press might be incapable of solving a simple industrial relations problem simply wasn't a viewpoint widely canvassed.

It was said, and will be said, that the agreement of the other two newspaper houses to join in the dispute was obtained on the basis that on this occasion, and with the Irish Press in a beleagured state with some unions within its walls, that the employers had to give a last show of solidarity—provided only one day's papers were hit. The Independent, it was said, gave the Press an ultimatum to get the dispute solved. In any event it was the Independent who took the hardest hammering, but presumably, it was insured for loss of profits for the period.

Protection from guerrilla union action against individual newspapers which was the reason why the agreement between them came into being—to prevent one from being used against the other — is not the sole reason for its continuance.

Newspaper distribution, undertaken as a joint operation, forms an important reason for the managers' agreement to remain. The scattered nature of the population and the scattered nature of some circulations and the cost of distribution is the factor which more underpins the agreement than fear of the trade unions. The stress exists however. Perhaps there will be a new agreement. The circulation war is now too critical for a closure repeat.




*Aontacht Eirean*

## A Technical Failure

KEVIN BOLAND'S failure to secure Registration at Leinster House for the Aontacht Eireann political party must surely be only temporary. As he has pointed out, the fact that it is a real and serious national political party has not been questioned. The application appears to have fallen on a technicality—which the party can readily put right fairly quickly.

Mr. Boland and his colleagues have chosen instead to challenge the technicality before the Appeal Board, and possibly later in the Courts, if necessary. If one believes, as so many do, that the introduction of registration was bad, undemocratic and motivated by a "closed-shop" mentality, then one can only welcome challenges on every conceivable technicality.

Whether, taking the long view, it is the best tactic for Mr. Boland is another matter. He is a man asking the Irish people, at some stage, to entrust Government to his new party, and in these formative years his biggest task would be to inspire confidence in his capacity and judgment. It is open to question whether blowing a technicality up into a major row with an official is going to add many cubits to his stature. He might be far better off treating it as one of the many irritations and obstacles confronting anyone in his position, calling together his Ard Fheis or some similar Assembly, making a rousing speech there on the evils of bureaucracy—and formally ratifying his Constitution and rules. He could readily make a virtue out of this necessity, get plenty of publicity out of it, and resignedly convince the public that however irritating and irrational the requirements of the system, he would implement it until he has the power to change it.

He has, however, opted for the head-on confrontation, and nobody can gainsay his right to do so. It is at least serving the important public service of getting a national debate going once more on the whole business of Registration, and the real motives of the politicians of all parties who slipped it into our system in 1963. Ironically, Mr. Boland, as a member of the Government and a king-pin of the Fianna Fail political machine, was not a thousand miles from that operation, when his colleague then and now, Mr. Neil Blaney, was putting the Bill through the Oireachtas.

A casual look through the Dail debates for 1963 is sufficient to show where the decision to introduce Registration was really taken—in the committee rooms of the three major parties. Odd bits and pieces afterwards, particularly from the late Deputy Sean Dunne, indicate that the men in possession did not see why the running should be made any easier for brash new parties, or splinters from their own parties, or for Independents. True, it was not possible to close the shop entirely because the Constitution lomed in the background, and the trappings had to be maintained; but the parties took it as close to the line as they could.

The first thing that strikes the political observer going through the Dail debates is the scarcity of references to this innovation at all. Only a few Deputies bothered to mention it—and then mostly to welcome it in passing. Not for the first time, an honourable exception was the present Leas Ceann Comhairle of the Dail, Deputy Denis Jones of Limerick, who clearly was not happy about the introduction of this new requirement. But even he was more concerned with method, obviously having to carry the party brief on the principle (he was spokesman on Local Government at the time). He would have been satisfied, apparently, if instead of the description "non-Party" on the ballot paper for an unregistered candidate, such a candidate was able to use up to five words to describe himself (like "National Combined Ratepayer" or "Socialist Independent Republican Democratic Labour" or plain "Farmer").

Independent Deputy Frank Sherwin was naturally keen on this modification too, and pressed the point so persistently that Mr. Blaney finally agreed to have another look at it before the Report stage.

At which point one of the party leaders, Mr. Brendan Corish, cut in with perhaps the most revealing remark of the debate :

"I hope the Minister will not give it too much consideration."

So, poor Frank Sherwin was brushed aside together with his plea that at least the description *"Independent" should be allowed on to the ballot paper if a candidate found "non-Party" obnoxious.*

Mr. Cosgrave contributed to that debate, and other contributors included Mr. Anthony Barry ("an excellent development"), Mr. Paddy Burke ("with the naming of political parties on the ballot paper I am expecting to get a few more votes"), Mr. Byrne (no comment), Mr. Eugene Timmons ("a progressive step"), Mr. Eamonn Rooney ("the Bill as it stands is very welcome indeed"); no comments from Mr. Cosgrave, Mr. M. J. O'Higgins, Mr. Tully, Mr. Mark Clinton, General MacEoin, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. James Dillon, Mr. Joe Leneghan ("I hate the sight of Deputy Dillon"), Mr. Coughlan, Mr. T. Lynch, Mr. Lionel Booth —all distinguished present and past names popping up through the Second and Committee stages of the Bill with scant reference to this profound departure in regard to the equality of candidates at election time.

It is quite obvious from the whole tone of the debate that a nod was as good as a wink, that all was agreed beforehand, and that Mr. Corish really let the cat out of the bag. Mr. Blaney did consider Mr. Sherwin's plea (and remember Mr. Sherwin was an Independent who was particularly well got with Mr. Lemass's Government) and turned it down.

The late Deputy Sean Dunne did not object either, but to his credit he did begin to have reservations about Registration in a short time, and when he did he was man enough to get up in the Dail and voice them.

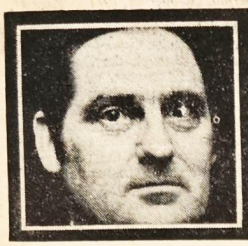
How many Deputies are going to be man enough to get up now and say they should repeal the Section ?

Taking the charitable view, its origins might have been no more sinister than personal pique. On all front Benches there were people in 1963 still smarting from the slings and arrows of the whole National Progressive Democratic Party in the persons of Deputies Dr. Noel Browne and Jack McQuillan. There were deputies who

Continued on page 10

**Q. Is Kevin Boland turning his back on Dail Eireann?**

**A. No. Definitely not. But some press people got this impression last week when he circulated copies of his Tralee speech on the back of Dail Eireann headed notepaper.**



## POINT OF VIEW

## Hugh Munro

ONE WOULD HAVE thought after the apparently exhaustive debate during the referendum campaign of 1968, that most people involved in politics here would be well-primed about the advantages and disadvantages of PR. But no. Recently Jack Lynch made the appalling admission that he had told Mr. Heath that PR would not help in the North, because there would be no cross-voting. He should have known that cross-voting is by no means essential to the working of PR. And he should further have known that, as the Alliance party has pointed out, there was considerable cross-voting in the North under PR. In the 1925 Stormont election, only three years after an anti-Catholic pogrom which made 1969-71 look like a tea-party, no less than 30% of Wee Joe Devlin's second preferences went to Unionists — mainly unofficial Unionists, but Unionists nevertheless.

Senator John Kelly quite properly pounced on the Lynch gaffe, but curiously he too did not seem to understand the main advantage PR could offer in the North. In the first place, PR is not going to make for a significant increase in the number of anti-unionist seats. Geoffrey Bing, in some articles in the *Irish Times* lately, pointed out how the switch back from PR to the straight-vote in the North in 1929 was by no means a straight-forward matter. The Stormont Bill embodying the change for Local Government elections was the only one in Northern Ireland's history which the Governor-General referred to London before signature. And the 1929 switch to the straight vote for Stormont elections was accompanied by an unwritten understanding that the number of anti-Unionist MP's would not be allowed drop below the figure of 12 which had obtained through the twenties. Since then there had certainly been gerrymandering against the nationalists in local elections; but any gerrymandering in Stormont elections was in their favour. Gerry Fitt and Paddy Kennedy represent the two smallest constituencies at Stormont (each less than half the average size), but they have never shown much concern about losing their seats, for they knew that if (which is now doubtful) there even were a redistribution of Stormont seats for a future straight-vote election, new non-Unionist seats would have to be found for any eliminated. This apparent generosity on the part of the Unionists was really enlightened self-interest; if you have taken measures to keep anti-Unionists representation up to 12 when the "natural" figure, given us gerrymandering, under the straight-vote system would be less than 12, you then have the moral right to gerrymander to keep anti-Unionist representation down to 12 should opinion shift against Unionist in the future.

PR in the North would certainly help insofar as it would allow the anti-Unionist electorate to choose between candidates of various ideological colours without endangering the loss of a seat to Unionists; but its major advantage is not its transferable-vote feature, but its multi-seat feature.

Under the multi-seat PR system, sizeable parties are forced in many if not most constituencies to nominate more candidates than they are going to win seats. With the single-seat system, a dominant party, such as the Unionist party, has no trouble finding a seat for a candidate with low electoral appeal. At least up to the last election, an inflatable red-white-and-blue doll would have won a seat in North Down, if it had the party nomination. The straight-vote system gives a strong party a degree of freedom to impose its own style of candidate—and in the case of the Unionist party this is apt to mean a hardliner—on its voters. With the multi-seat system a party has no such freedom; by and large, its voters get the kind of candidates they want, as witness the difficulty FF is having in getting the hard-working but unfortunately non-rustic Erskine Childers returned in Monaghan. Under the straight-vote system, would Jack Lynch ever have been nominated as an FF candidate? I doubt it, very much. Cork City is a relatively strong FF area; would the party have missed the chance to give a safe seat to a true-blooded party man, a man steeped in the Republican tradition? PR breaks, or at least severely weakens the power of the party caucus; and if anything is needed in the North, it is that.

But I am not here concerned so much with the North, as with the effect of PR on the South. PR is ideal for taking the heat out of politics, for softening the harsh divisions of a polarised society, but we have to face the argument that it may do this at the price of making government less effective. Can it be good for effective government that for many TDs their main rival is not their opponents but somebody in their own party?

Take Meath, for example. The figures of past elections made it clear before the 1969 campaign began, that the three seats would divide FF1, FG1, Lab 1. A bookie, I imagine, would have offered good odds, to anyone who wanted to bet on any change in that situation. Yet three parties offered more than one candidate — FF and FG three each and Labour two. With no seat change in prospect, each of the candidates were in the position where their only serious rivals were their "colleagues", the other candidates of their own party.

In such circumstances, why should any of these men break their necks to propagate their party's policy? It could make no difference to the ultimate result as far as the party was concerned, since one seat was what the party was going to win; and a candidates' display of energy on behalf of the party at large could only distract attention from the (to him) essential business—getting more votes than his colleagues. The only change that occurred in Meath at the last election was that the outgoing FG deputy lost his seat; the FG representation went to an energetic youngster.

Now it may be—I hope it is— that Farrelly lost and Bruton won for FG in Meath in 1969 because Bruton showed himself to be more concerned with national than parish-pump issues. It may be that the FG voters found him sounder on national issues. It may be that FG voters found him to stand nearer to FG policy than his "colleagues". It makes no difference; the whole point of the story of the 1969 Meath election is that the only effective choice made was not a choice between FF, FG and Labour, but a choice, made by FG voters, between FG candidates.

Of course, not every constituency is as immune to party change as Meath; but it is, I think, fair to say that the individual TD should regard inside-party issues as being more important than between-party issues if he is to have the best chance of surviving in Irish politics. Is it any wonder that the big issues tend not to be debated? The Labour influx of 1969, and Declan Costello in 1965, may have dreamt dreams of polarised politics, but they know better now. Any TD who tries to get the country worked up about apartheid, contraception or pollution or nuclear disarmament or the United Nations or whatever the trendies have decided is the current thing, is likely to be met with studied indifference. The Irish equivalent to the Midlothian campaign is a helicopter trip around the Reverend Mother circuit.

Now I am not necessarily deploring this state of affairs. The important thing for all to realise is that it exists. For good or ill, politics in the Republic is consensus politics — unless by some miracle Mr. Boland's party can change things. In the Republic, more perhaps than anywhere else, should the prudent political leader say to himself when thinking of the public at large "There is the public, I am their leader. I must follow them."

(Continued from page 9).

genuinely felt that a system which could casually throw up and just as casually remove "splinters" of that nature had a serious defect which should be put right.

Today, one half of the N.P.D., Dr. Browne, is back in the Dail as an influential member of the Labour party, but so far there has been no indication that he is pressing his party to have the Registration provision repealed. Perhaps even Deputies with consciences in the three parties don't want to run the risk of being labelled "Bolandites?"

## *Trade Unions*

## The New Arrivals

THE BATTLE LINES are now clearly drawn between the officially recognised unions affiliated to the Irish Congress of Trade Unions and the disaffected elements who would set up new unions. The hysteria which has greeted the arrival of the Irish Electrical Technicians Association and the calls for the introduction of legislation to govern the setting up of new unions, added to by the informed source intimation that such legislation will be forthcoming, would not have occurred except in so far as the new union has struck, and may do again, at the nation's major source of power. Probably because the Electricity Supply Board in the past has been seen to be easily squashed because of its defensive and often inept attempts to conduct its industrial relations affairs, it has attracted the might of the militant worker. Even, as now when it has a better equipped industrial relations and negotiating staff better equipped to anticipate and negotiate the dangerous turnings in its daily road, the power wielded by the worker in such a vital and vulnerable industry is always an attraction. The affect of his strike will always be regarded as disproportionate to his number or cause.

This dissatisfied union or group of workers facing the same type of trade union employer difficulties as other groups of workers in the public and private sector tend to resolve them in the same way.

Their actions are no more or less vicious than those usually employed in industrial disputes but the E.S.B. workers are always brought sharply into the limelight because if and when they exercise their power the ramifications of their actions are considerable and have the most damaging consequences on both the Board, which is a public enterprise, and on the whole community. Power cut off to domestic, industrial and service industries as well as hospitals and a whole range of other enterprises underscores their power.

Probably any dispute which involves a semi-State enterprise is, or could be, regarded as a strike against the community by members of the community. Such a concept can only properly be understood when it can be manifestly demonstrated — nationwide loss of electricity power.

Talk about legislation to prevent the establishment of new unions may be useful. However account would have to be taken of the number of new unions which have been established in recent years. There have in fact been very few. The National Busmen's Union and the Post Office Officials Association were the only two, until this recent one was established.

While it might be useful to consider such legislation, maybe even implement it, there are certain fundamentals which this would either ignore or not take into account.

It cannot be ignored that the rules of the I.C.T.U. makes it difficult for disaffected members of a trade union who cannot, or will not, resolve their differences with their elected and paid leadership, to transfer into other unions. This ostensibly too governs the poaching of members by the more empire conscious members of the trade union professionals. Large-scale disaffection within the unions cannot be disregarded also because obviously the existence of inter-union associations in large employments—such as the E.S.B.—demonstrate the alienation of the rank-and-file membership from the union officials. The number of unofficial strikes is yet another example of this and the failure of union officials to be able to persuade — or order—their members to pass pickets only serves to emphasise that the basis of the problems are not going to be solved by legislation.

Democracy in the workplace and the ability of workers to exercise their voice in and influence their day-to-day lives obviously is a factor which now must deserve greater and more urgent study.

Meanwhile democracy in the unions is something which must be attended to, if the movement is capable of going through the birth pangs of democraticisation.

How the new union in the E.S.B. came into power is a book in itself. The same thing applies to the N.B.U. and the P.O.O.A. Why the Day Workers' Association in the E.S.B. and the Shift Workers' Association came into being and exist is no diferent.

The N.B.U. never applied to Congress for admission, principally because it was part of its founding campaign to break loose from the stranglehold of the Congress and, as a secondary reason, because it felt that those who would sit in judgment on its application would be those from whom they had broken away. The P.O.O.A. did apply for membership and was turned down. At the stage it applied it had membership of over 1,000. Recently on radio Mr. Ruaidhri Roberts, commenting on the I.E.T.A. situation in the E.S.B. established a 500 minium membership before a union could even be considered for a licence. There are, apparently, horses for courses.

Without doubt there is a crisis coming in the Unions. Apathy is a problem. The more conscious union member has other problems—inability to make inroads on the power many union officials have cornered in many unions.

A crisis exists but if it was put to most union officials they would probably ask—What crisis?

Rank and file trade union membership of the unions was never consulted about the National Agreement. It was foisted on the movement in a manner that begged a new definition of democracy, while the veneer of democracy covered the decision taken.

It is against this type of a background —and many of the other factors haven't been even hinted at—that unions like the I.E.T.A. emerge.

The crisis is here. When these people and those who will not pass their pickets contribute to power black-outs they are striking against the community. But they are members of the community and the power to their houses is also cut off and their families suffer the additional privations.

It is not opportune then to examine the fundamental assumptions and discard the first notions that come to mind.

New unions are not a problem. Existing ones are. The system within which they work is and the conditions existing within their unions are all factors which defy and will defy the glib answers the law, the courts and the jails. They have before.

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**Q. Whose is the top British counter-intelligence mind in the North today?**

**A. Oliver James Vandeleur Kitson, Baron Airedale, and a Major in the Green Howards Regiment. He is 56, unmarried, the product of Eton and Cambridge, and a barrister. He has been in Northern Ireland since November last. You will be hearing more of the Baron.**

# THE NEO-PHILOSOPHY

## Seamus O Tuathail

THERE ARE always two reasons for doing something in politics: the reason given and the real reason.

Why did Jack Lynch go to Chequers and promise to go again? Were he trying to service the stand of the oppressed minority in the North he would respect their political solution to internment: no talks until the last internee is released. This was the stand forced on the S.D.L.P. by the "No Rents, No Rates" campaign of the Civil Rights Movement and supported by all the radical forces in the North. On the subject of internment even Mr. Desmond Boal and the Reverend Ian Paisley announced their opposition. Messrs. Faulkner, Maudling and Heath were in a corner.

Mr. Lynch could have kept them in a corner and hastened the release of internees by doing the obvious: going to the Court of Human Rights at Strasbourg and to the United Nations to focus the spotlight of world public opinion on the Concentration Camp at Long Kesh.

Of course arguments against internment would present difficulties for a Taoiseach with an empty internment camp on the Curragh and an Offences Against the State Act on the statute book.

The success of such arguments would help the radical forces in the North gain a victory over repression and give them a political prestige that might eclipse the S.D.L.P. Lynch correctly recognises his task as shoring up the S.D.L.P. position against the radical forces—not undermining it. He was careful in his choice of words before and after checking in at Chequers. He was going there in the hope of "finding a way *round the roadblock* of internment"—not, perhaps, *removing* it. Coming home he spoke of internment as a "mistake"—not as undemocratic or immoral.

But then the decisive factor forcing Lynch in the Chequers direction is not what is happening on the Northern frontier but what is happening at his own rear in the constituencies—Kevin Boland and the Aontacht Eireann. Jack Lynch's embarrassment is clear. He is determined not to stand idly by and see Boland gobbling up his rear but an attack on *British Imperialism launched through* Strasbourg and the *United Nations would only give increased political purchase to Bolandism.*

Even now, Kevin Boland must be recognised as having the minimum capacity to push Fianna Fail onto the Opposition benches at the next General Election.

Appreciating this, Jack Lynch is going in the only direction he can go. His best way forward is to follow the historic development of Fianna Fail to its logical conclusion . . . across the blurring Civil War lines and into the Fine Gael Camp.

Projecting present political developments in the South into the future there can be clearly seen the power bloc which in embryo includes all of Fine Gael, the leadership and middle section of Fianna Fail and Conor Cruise O'Brien of the Labour Party.

In terms of political philosophy these forces represent a retreat behind the position established in 1916 to the Redmondism of the early 1900s. The small industrialists of Home Rule and the early Fianna Fail days have grown up. They have caught up with Carson's northern industrialists and want the free movement of capital, labour and goods. They want now what Carson fought to retain in the face of the Griffith philosophy. Fianna Fail big business has joined the big rancher of Fine Gael. Hence the existing coalition on the Common Market issue and the shared syndrome on Law and Order.

Lynch's sensitivity on the Law and Order issue: his token raid on the offices of *The United Irishman*: his token arrest of Joe Cahill: his censorship of R.T.E.: his leadership in the Daniel O'Connell Dail debate on moral force underline his concern for the Fine Gael votes that must save his skin at the next election.

In this respect the next General Election in the South will bear comparison with the last O'Neill outing in the North when the bold Captain appealed to middle class Catholics to cross the loyalty line and vote for him. They responded but not in numbers sufficient to save O'Neill. Lynch has more hopes for success in his campaign for support behind the Fine Gael lines.

This central motivation reinforces the urge to do a deal with British Imperialism, thereby helping him steal more of Fine Gael's political clothes and, he hopes, votes. Chequers was merely an extension of the prosleytising campaign begun by him on the Convent circuit in the last General Election.

It is not yet clear if Conor Cruise O'Brien speaks for himself or for the Labour Party as a whole. But O'Brien articulates the political philosophy of this new grouping in southern politics. 1916 was a tragic mistake. Connolly was wrong. All that was gained by 1921 could have been gained by the Irish Parliamentary Party of John Redmond. Fianna Fail have led the mass of its following back to this position from which Fine Gael never budged. O'Brien has the academic courage and the political naivety to openly advocate what the Fianna Fail leadership has practised for years under the Republican cloak.

Redmondism is the ascendant political philosophy again in Ireland—Home Rule with Britain making all economic decisions. The Republican fever has abated. Lynch's main task is to survive the political technicalities that will formalise the return to open Redmondism. Lynch is the ideal leader of such a party, O'Brien the ideal philosopher and Fine Gael and the modern Fianna Fail the perfect organic base.

# Diary of the Year

**Wednesday, October 6:** A cross-border gun battle starts when two British soldiers on sentry duty foil an attempt to blow up the Customs post at Milltown, Co. Armagh

**Thursday, October 7:** The strength of the British Army in the North, it is announced in London, is to be raised by about 1,500. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Hillery, speaking at the U.N. attacks the Unionist regime as "oppressive and lacking political legitimacy".

**Friday, October 8:** The Stormont Premier, Mr. Faulkner, tells the 800-strong council of the Unionist Party that it is "only a matter of weeks" before the N.I. economy collapses under the strain of a deteriorating security situation.

**Saturday, October 9:** A woman is killed when a bomb wrecks a pub off Grosvenor road in Belfast. The first part of a draft for Comhairle Uladh is approved by 147 delegates to a convention in Monaghan, called to set up Dail Uladh.

**Sunday, October 10:** About 5,000 people take part in a Peace Demonstration in Belfast's Botanic Gardens. The Sunday Press is not published following a dispute involving transport workers.

**Monday, October 11:** More than £3,000 is stolen during three armed raids in Belfast. Most Public Offices of Dublin Corporation are closed as members of the Local Government and Public Services Union go on strike. The strike in the Irish Press continues and no morning or evening paper is published.

**Tuesday, October 13:** Mr. Kevin Boland, President of Aontacht Eireann announces that the application to have the organisation registered as a political party has been rejected by the registrar of political parties.

**Wednesday, October 14:** The Taoiseach, Mr. Lynch, condemns the blowing up of cross-border roads by British troops; one soldier forming part of a protection party in one of the explosions is shot and seriously injured.

**Thursday, October 14:** Four men are lodged in Mountjoy Prison following a gun battle between Irish Troops and the Provisional I.R.A. near Dundalk. The Government decides to grant an increase of 10% to more than 7,000 civil servants.

**Friday, October 15:** Two policemen are shot dead as they sit in a private car in the Ardoyne area of Belfast. Five internees are released after they take an oath undertaking not to join any illegal or subversive organisation.

**Saturday, October 16:** A large cargo of arms, allegedly destined for the I.R.A. is intercepted in Amsterdam. A civilian is killed during a two-hour-long gun battle in Belfast.

**Sunday, October 17:** Two British soldiers are shot dead in the North. Three men are arrested in an armed raid on a house in Sutton, Co. Dublin.

**Monday, October 18:** Two terms of reference of the Compton Inquiry into allegations of brutality against internees—originally confined to the first 48 hours of detention—are extended to cover allegations of torture at a later stage of their detention. Two men, Joseph Dillon and John (Sean) Morrissey, are charged with the murder of Garda Richard Fallon at Arran Quay on April 3rd, 1970.

**Tuesday, October 19:** Six suitcases containing guns and ammunition are taken off the QE2 liner which arrives at Cobh, C...


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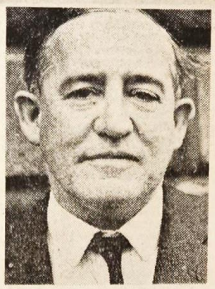
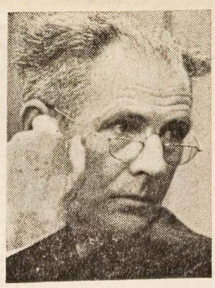
Sen. Mary Robinson.

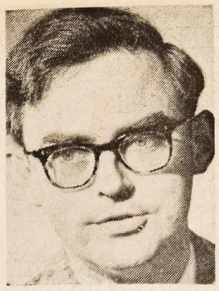
Sen. G. E. Russell



Sen. Alexis Fitzgerald



Sen. Michael Cranitch



Sen. John Kelly.

Sen. Michael Mullins

# THE SENATE RE-EXAMINED

## Thomas Garvin

**IN THE PAST, the Senate has often been characteriised as a house for ex-T.D.s defeated at the polls. In more recent times it has tended to become a stepping-stone for potential T.D.'s on their way to the Dail. In this article, Thomas Garvin, author of The Irish Senate (published by the Institute of Public Administration) and lecturer in Politics in U.C.D., examines the performance and questions the role of the Upper House of the Oireachtas during the past year.**

Despite the changes both in the Senate's personnel and in the issues debated, continuity rather than dramatic change marks the legislative year recently concluded.

Thirty-nine Bills were debated and examined in the Senate—the same average as other years, and, again as usual, legislation got squeezed into July and August, as the Senate had to await the Dáil's consideration of financial business; the initiation of legislation in the Senate to fill the empty months between February and June has never become a convention, although it has been suggested often enough. The "July Gallop" extended late into August this year, mainly on account of the Forcible Entry Bill. The Senate sat sixteen days in July and August—out of forty days in the legislative year, itself a marked increase on previous years. Certainly, as far as sitting time is concerned the Senate is doing its job.

The general debates are still dominated by a comparatively small group of senators. A quick survey of the general debates on four important and varied pieces of legislation — the Forcible Entry Bill, the Higher Education Authority Bill, the Central Bank Bill and the Firearms Bill — reveals that the debates were effectively monopolised by a small group of Senators. Senators Cranitch (FF), Alexis Fitzgerald (FG), Keery (FF), Kelly (FG), Quinlan and Russell (FG), together with the redoubtable Senator Mullins, the Fianna Fail Senate leader, spoke on three out of four of these Bills. The same speakers appear with monotonous regularity.

The long silent "tail" of former Senates still exists. During the period covered by Volume 70 *Senate Debates* (5th May-22nd July 1971), a dozen senators never spoke. Conspicious by their absence during this period were, among others, Senators Alton and Norton. Eight were Fianna Fáil in allegiance. Many of them, did, however, appear for the important part of the proceedings—in the divisions.

The debates were mixed in quality. Senators John Kelly and Alexis Fitzgerald dominating respectively the debates on education and debates involving much legal technical detail. Senator Kelly's speech on the HEA Bill included a lively run-down on the political role of the academic in Irish society and some interesting insights into the minds of non-Fianna Fáil university professors. The same debate, by way of light relief, gave rise to the following effusion from Senator Cranitch:

> "We in this country get our philosophy, our outlook and our traditions from streams coming from Greece, Rome, Judea and from the extraordinary Celtic stream that seems to have come from the mists of long ago in this island. We might be described as Christian Celtic or Celtic Christian—I never know really which it should be".

In general, the contributions of working academics were sophisticated and worthwhile, even if they reflected the gulf that appears to separate many academics and the Government. Senator Mullins commented trenchantly on the loquacity of academics.

The debate on the year's most publicised piece of legislation the Forcible Entry Bill—was pounced upon by the Senate's legal experts. Mr. O'Malley had, if anything, a harder time there than in the Dail. He didn't seem too interested in Senator Robinson's magisterial survey of the history of forcible entry legislation since mediaeval times. It might be said that the Senate opposition tended to talk in terms of John Locke while the Minister and others in the ranks of Fianna Fáil tended to reply in somewhat Hobbesian terms. The clash of these viewpoints over this Bill was clear and dramatic.

Perhaps the slight air of unreality that sometimes pervades parliamentary debate on legislation involving state coercion in relation to matters of social controversy and political conflict reflects the fact that the effectiveness and credibility of such legislation depends as much on the willingness of Irish jurors to convict on criminal charges commonly regarded as political rather than criminal as it does on the quality, appropriateness and humaneness of the legislation itself.

In theory, Irish governments have very wide powers vested in them. Judicial review of legislation is hardly beyond its infancy, so that the court system's decisions as to the constitutionality of laws are not yet quite predictable. Large sections of the Constitution await interpretation by the courts as to their exact operational meaning. Quite apart from this, any Irish government has to reckon with a situation in which many actions defined as criminal in law are scarcely regarded as such by considerable sections of the community.

The English legal tradition has always had rather a difficult row to hoe in this country, which perhaps explains something of the impatience of government spokesmen when they are confronted with critiques of their legislation based solidly or otherwise on classic English legal theory.

A much more constructive if undramatic passage was given in the Senate to the Unit Trusts Bill, which had the distinction of being originated in the Senate, unlike most legislation. The Minister, Mr. Lawlor and Senators Nash (FF) and Alexis Fitzgerald cooperated amicably during the Committee Stage, and the Bill, as it emerged from the Senate, had been revised considerably. Senator Fitzgerald showed his paces brilliantly in going through the Bill section by section, and the Minister was very receptive. In general, it is and has always been in the area of technical and comparatively non-partisan legislation of this kind that the Senate excels. Unfortunately for the Senate, its function as a channel by which professional non-civil service expertise is underpublicised precisely because of the specialised character of this legislation. A very small number of Senators appear to display such expertise, and a very good case could be made for ensuring that a wider variety of expertise be made available in the Senate for this kind of job. It doesn't seem likely at present in view of the long and painful history of the Senate's electoral system.

Departures from the Senate to the Dáil after the last election included Garrett Fitzgerald and Michael O'Kennedy.

The twenty-nine newcomers to the House behaved very much as their predecessors had done, demonstrating, perhaps, the effectiveness of well-established institutions in moulding the behaviour of new recruits to old patterns. Even their number conformed closely to previous years: about half of the Senate is renewed on average after each election. They included ex-deputies like Mrs. Desmond (Lab.) and Patrick Norton, and people who seem to have Dáil seats in their knapsacks like John Boland and, perhaps, Farrell McElgunn. The best classification of Senators would perhaps be three-fold: definite transients, reluctant long-termers and permanent members. The Senate, like Ireland, seems to have difficulty in retaining its talented young.

As far as liveliness and originality is concerned, the star newcomer must be Senator Mary Robinson, whose refusal to acquiesce quietly in the House's time being parcelled out mainly to suit the government stimulated Senator Mullins considerably:

> **Mrs. Robinson:** I wish to oppose the Order of Business today on the grounds that we have been told that we would have a motion for discussion at least once every month during the sitting of the Seanad.
>
> **Senator Mullins:** Senator Robinson is a work dodger. She has a nice little habit of coming here at three o'clock, managing until four o'clock and kicking up a row because. . . .
>
> *(Interruptions)*

The most spectacular and entertaining of these clashes occurred, of course, over Mrs. Robinson's attempt to have the Senate give a first reading to a draft Bill amending the criminal law regarding the importation and sale of contraceptives. It became evident that whatever was the government's attitude to such legislation in principle, the Fianna Fáil leadership in the Senate was not prepared to let an independent initiative develop. Senator Robinson was reproved for schoolgirlishness.

A new departure was supposed to be made this year in the matter of time allowed for the Senate's own discussion of public issues: one day each month was to be set aside for the discussion of such motions. As it happened, however, only four such motions were debated. The debates on the RTE Moneylending Enquiry and the Employment Period Order row took place so long after the events as to lose most of their topicality. As in previous years, many senators felt frustration over the lack of time allocated to motions—Senator Prendergast pointing out that since the motion was the Senate's nearest approach to the initiation of the Parliamentary Question, if motions could not be effectively debated, perhaps the House ought to be abolished. He was underselling the Senate, but certainly the new departure didn't make all that much difference.

Personalities enlivened the proceedings, but scarcely clarified the underlying situation, which is not a new one. In the Republic, legislative powers, although formally vested in the Oireachtas, are effectively monopolised by the Cabinet, working in consultation with interest groups, the party in power and the civil service, which has become more openly involved in what are essentially legislative rather than administrative processes in recent years. Certainly, when decisions concerning national policy are concerned, the Senate, and even the Dail, take side seats and the Cabinet—and occasionally a government Department—fills stage centre. This runs counter to classic nineteenth century constitutional representative theory, but it has long been the standard way of doing things in Westminster—model politics. In Ireland, though, it seems to have been carried to an extreme, perhaps because of the relative weakness and inertness of interest groups in Irish society and the fact that many potential interests have not, until relatively recently, even attempted to organise themselves and learn the techniques of influencing policy. Even those that do make such attempts try to do so behind the scenes: the open and universally accepted interplay of interests, legislators and executive seen in many Western countries is not to be seen here as yet. Perhaps the Senate's main promise is that it serves as a means by which some politically weak interests not easily assimilated into the Dail system can have a platform.

Senator Robinson's Bill can be considered as an example of interest articulation in this sense, if the public opinion polls on the contraception issue are to be given any significance. As a political gesture, it succeeded in highlighting certain characteristics of Irish society and of the Irish political system.

Firstly, the Robinson Bill illustrates the centralisation and monopolisation of the law-making process by the Cabinet. More interesting, however, was the demonstration that Irish society shows a receptiveness to issues considered taboo previously, and that public opinion is perhaps not quite as monolithic as it has been represented to be. The opinion poll on the contraception Bill showed a much greater disparity by age than by geographical area in attitudes on the issue; twenty years ago, a bill of this sort would have been unthinkable.

Walter Bagehot, in his classic essay on the English Constitution, classified the constitution into "efficient" and "dignified" parts. The "dignified" parts were those which excited and preserved "the reverence of the people", while the "efficient" parts were those by which the constitution actually functioned.

The essential point here is not that some Irish institutions are more efficient or dignified than others, but rather that simple "time-and-motion" assessments of political institutions miss their important "non-efficient" functions. The Dáil represents crudely the main elements in the Republic's life; it articulates broad interests and pools social forces so as to produce a national leadership reflective of broad national feeling. Senates have always been concessions to minorities, and even the rather thoroughly co-ordinated Irish Senate retains much of this characteristic. Alexis de Tocqueville warned against the democratic tyranny of King Numbers—the tyranny of the majority. Even the existence of a Senate constitutes a tacit acknowledgement of the dangers of majority tyranny.

It seems likely, however, that a Second House will have no clear-cut and unambiguous role to play in an Irish polity until the time comes for the political integration of the two Irish states. The Irish Senate acted as a home for Unionists once before. The experience was hardly encouraging, but the precedent is there.

# Hibernia Review of Books

## P.K.'s Point of View-1

### John Jordan

IT IS NOT USUAL for any self-respecting journal or newspaper to review books not submitted for that purpose. But, though my own point of view is strictly, nay violently anti-Jesuitical (I read Pascal at an impressionable age), I think a little naive casuistry will not be the main factor in my possible damnation. This is my apologia for obliquely noticing *November Haggard*, Dr. Peter Kavanagh's selection of the uncollected prose and verse of his brother Patrick. Were I to be formally reviewing the book, I would go into such oddities as the dating from 1946 of a piece on "Gambling" which refers to Derby Day 1949. I have no compunction however in dealing fully with an oddity which directly concerns myself, and indeed might well be actionable had I both a litigious turn of mind and an American pocket-book. Dr. Kavanagh publishes a poem called "Puzzle," in which occurs the following lines:

*And there's in Blanchardstown hospital John Jordan*
*About to decode these verses, this bamboozle*
Which is not as much as it seems.

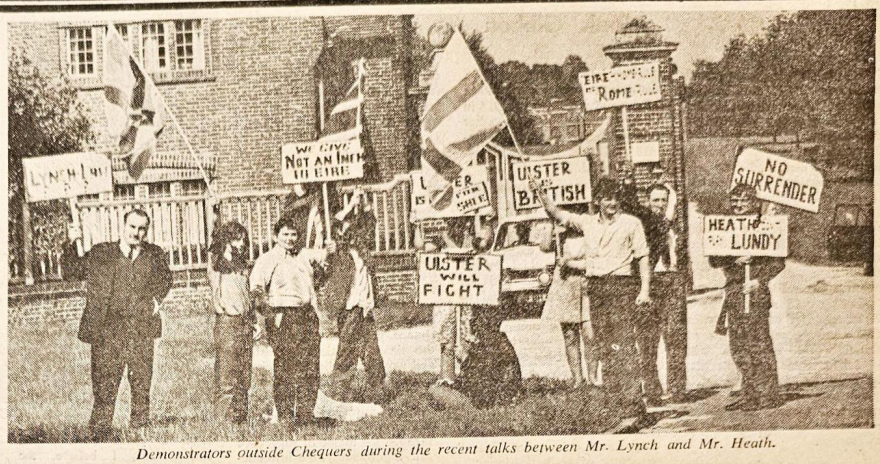
This Dr. Kavanagh dates 1957. Now my medical history may be of no interest to Dr. K., but it is to me, and I never set foot in the James Connolly Memorial Hospital, Blanchardstown until 1962. Patrick wrote a moving poem referring to the trip, first published in *Poetry Ireland* (2nd series), I, 1962, and to be found in his *Collected Poems*, 1964, p. 187.

The bit of fun over, we must be immensely grateful to Dr. Kavanagh for his *pietas*. Patrick's *Collected Pruse* (1967) contains only a tiny fraction of his enormous output in prose, as what used to be called an "occasional" writer. Dr. Kavanagh has skimmed off a further thirty items, and not one of them is dull. Patrick is alternately aggressive and humble, dogmatic and sceptic, curmudgeonly and tender, fascist and anarchist, and for the better class of hack like myself, an inexhaustible mine of alarming themes for amplification or rejection. I should add, before getting into the quicksands, that Patrick had in him a large streak of the "mummers" whom, with George Moore (one of his great loves) he affected to despise. He delighted in the punch line, the double-take. I remember him, c. 1949, declaring that at the moment there were "on Parnassus" only three men: Wystan Auden, Andrew (sic) Gide, and (wait for it) Ludovic Kennedy.

One of his most interesting contentions occur in an undated *texte inédit* called "Neglected Winter," revolving around the notorious law-suit of 1954. "I have observed many times that the ordinary man has a violent hatred of Christianity; he cannot abide its mastership and its autocracy. No ordinary man ever accepted Christianity; it was foisted upon him by the chief or king. Nowadays Christianity is trying to become democratic and instead of going to the head of the tribe and converting him alone it goes among the mob."

Yes indeed, dear good liberals: reactionary, fascist, even anti-Christian. But it was always part of the Kavanagh dialectic to be calculatedly "illiberal" in order to expose the true nature (as he saw it) of institutions which in fact could never be liberalised. He believed he could see through the illusions of those who, detesting the institutional Church, hoped the leopard could change its spots. "You can't change the nature of the baste," he once said to me.

P.K.'s "point of view" was not always coherently or temperately expressed. In the nineteen years I knew him, the last twelve of them closely, we disagreed about everything except mooncalf liberalism and perhaps a certain politician who "threatened on a day when he looked like going out of power that he had the health and physique to break stones for a living." I hope to return to the point of view.




*Demonstrators outside Chequers during the recent talks between Mr. Lynch and Mr. Heath.*

## THE NORTH-FINDING A WAY OUT

### John Whyte

**GOVERNING WITHOUT CONSENSUS. By Richard Rose. Faber. £6.**

**ULSTER. A Case Study in Conflict Theory. By R. S. P. Elliot and John Hickie. Longman. £2.80.**

PROFESSOR RICHARD ROSE'S *Governing Without Consensus* is one of the largest books ever published on Northern Ireland. It is also one of the most important. It contains a well-referenced account of the development of Northern Ireland, a survey of its institutions, an interesting comparative chapter on divided countries elsewhere, and a rigorously-argued discussion of the choices available to a government in the North. The core of the book (8 chapters out of 16) is a long report on a questionnaire which was administered to a sample of 1,300 Ulster voters in the spring and summer of 1968. The questionnaire was wide-ranging, seeking respondents' views on the border, discrimination, political parties, Catholic-Protestant relations, and many other things. It provides a uniquely valuable assessment of the state of opinion in Northern Ireland on the eve of the troubles.

Professor Rose is determined not to raise false hopes. He is largely concerned to investigate where, if anywhere, moderate Catholics and Protestants were to be found, and his conclusions are sobering. One might have expected, for instance, that middle-class Catholics and Protestants, having more to lose, would have shown more moderation than working-class ones: his data indicate that this was true only to a limited extent. Or one might have expected that the most educated would have been the most tolerant of attitudes other than their own; this was true to a limited extent on the Protestant side, but educated Catholics were as much opposed to the regime as uneducated ones. One by one he takes the groups where one might have expected moderation to flourish, and shows the expectation to be false. Trade unionists were only a little more moderate than others, despite the professedly non-sectarian nature of the movement. So were those who had travelled abroad, those who lived in religiously mixed areas, those who had had experience of integrated education, those who were younger and therefore without personal memories of the bitterness of 1920-2 or 1935. Those living east of the Bann were only slightly less rigid than those living west of it. Catholic ex-servicemen and public employees had attitudes similar to those of other Catholics.

Yet perhaps Professor Rose draws gloomier conclusions fom his data than is necessary. After all, his figures could be stood on their head: if they show that intolerant attitudes were fairly evenly distributed through the Catholic and Protestant communities, they show that tolerant attitudes were equally evenly distributed. Among Catholics, for instance, 32% supported the constitution, fairly evenly spread, though proud or very proud of how Northern Ireland was governed; 81% expected to be treated fairly by their local council. Only 13% thought it would be right to "take any measures necessary" to end partition and bring Northern Ireland into the Republic. Among Protestants, 57% would approve of the dates, and 64% thought that the opinion which Catholics had of what the Government did was fairly or very important. While 52% thought it right to "take any measures necessary" in order to keep Northern Ireland a Protestant country, 45%, widely distributed among all sections of the Protestant community, rejected this intransigent position. Unionist Party seeking more Catholic members and candi-

Particularly interesting are Professor Rose's findings on people's feelings of group identity. When asked whether they thought Catholics were much different or about the same as Protestants, 67% of Protestants and 81% of Catholics replied that they were much the same. When asked if people in the Republic were much different or about the same as people in Northern Ireland, 45% of Protestants and 44% of Catholics replied that they were much the same. When asked if English people were much different or about the same as those in Northern Ireland, 29% of Protestants and 30% of Catholics thought they were much the same. Though Professor Rose does not make the point, there seems evidence here of an incipient Northern Ireland community sense which could be developed if the right policies were found.

The merit of Professor Rose's book, however, is that readers can pick out such points for themselves. His report on the sample survey is so thorough that readers are put in a position to draw their own conclusions from the evidence, even if they do not square with the author's. The evidence itself is many-faceted and fascinating. A review of this length can do no more than whet the reader's appetite for what is to be found in this book.

The volume by R. S. P. Elliot and John Hickie is less valuable in every way. It is much smaller. It is more expensive in relation to its size—about 60 pages to the pound sterling as against Richard Rose's 90. The proof-reading is scandalously slipshod. Only four of the seven chapters are actually on Northern Ireland, and one of these, on the historical background, teems with errors of fact and dating. The remaining three chapters discuss the infant discipline of conflict research, of which the authors are practitioners.

However, it would be unfair to dismiss the book as worthless. It is based on interviews in the spring of 1969 with 50 political leaders, representing all shades of opinion in Northern Ireland, followed by interviews with 15 leaders in Dublin. It also reports some earlier, but hitherto little known research on Northern Ireland by three other conflict researchers, Robin Jenkins, John MacRae and Anders Boserup. The authors reach more optimistic conclusions than Professor Rose. They show that when leaders of apparently opposite points of view are interviewed in depth, more points of agreement with their adversaries, and disagreement with their colleagues, emerge than appear at first sight. What seems to be a confrontation between monolithic groups breaks down into a more fluid situation where bargaining is possible between shifting alliances. The authors suggest that if this kind of exploration were pursued, it might be used to find a way out of the conflict. They could be right.

**John Whyte is a Reader in Political Science at Queen's University Belfast. His "Church and State in Modern Ireland, 1923-1970" was published by Gill and Macmillan earlier this year**

# The Exploration of Awareness

## BARBARA WRIGHT discusses the prose work of Monk Gibbon

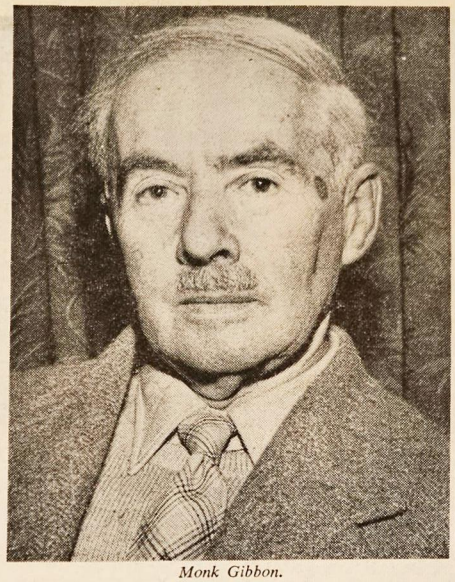
IT IS ONE of the apparent paradoxes of contemporary literature that whereas narrative is evolving towards an ever-deepening penetration of the self, lyrical prose, which, in many senses, could be said to have fostered this condition, is on the decline; characterised as pallid and anaemic, it is frequently thought to be more in keeping with the mood of the nineteenth century than with that of today. The positive separatism of "I" and "other" would seem to be in direct conflict with the lyrical fusion of the self and the external world. And yet, with hindsight, these concepts may be seen as oscillations of a pendulum; oscillations which may well emerge as different modes in the exploration of awareness.

In surveying the contemporary literary scene, we would do well therefore to bear such considerations in mind, when attempting an assessment of the essentially lyrical work of Monk Gibbon. His achievement, in terms of portraiture, descriptive technique and the evocation of the private inner world of the artist, contains, it is true, vestigial traces of the common aesthetic heritage shared by most twentieth-century writers; it also, however, contains pointers indicating future developments in the quest for the representation of the author's "second self" in terms of a poetic design, rather than through direct and unmediated reference to the external world.

For me, three characteristics in particular emerge as dominant throughout the work of Monk Gibbon: firstly, the wealth of his experiences, captured, as in a phial, by his evocative art; secondly, his art of suggestion, compounded of a judicious fusion of the physical and the non-physical, by which he conjures up the enchantment of his own poetic universe; thirdly, and finally, the imagery and cadenced precision of a writer for whom the visual and auditory elements in art are of central importance in the overall structure of aesthetic design.

My own approach to Monk Gibbon was by way of literature, through my admiration of his masterful prose and through our shared predilections in French literature. I soon came to realise, however, that the warmth and vitality of his writings have their basis in a rich and stimulating personality. It is not so much that Monk Gibbon has shown himself to be capable of a wide range of experiences, though that, too, is significant when one considers him in his many functions as volunteer and, subsequently, reluctant soldier, lover of ballet and skiing, essayist and teacher. It is rather the depth of certain experiences, the radiance of certain luminous intermissions, which, above all, sends forth great shafts of light throughout his major works, from *The Seals*, through *Mount Ida*, to his most recently published *Inglorious Soldier* and *The Brahms Waltz*. Often these moments of heightened perception have come about quite by chance, provoked sometimes by the tiniest physical sensations and woven together into a new texture by the intervention of memory and artistic creativity.

These moments of "ecstatic suspense" are subtly conveyed through the magic of suggestive art. Significantly, the introductory quotations to *The Brahms Waltz* include the following citation from Tolstoy: "Art is a human activity consisting in this, that one man consciously by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that others are infected by these feelings and also experience them." This collaboration between artist and percipient is, of course, not easy to achieve; it is delicate and elusive, but infinitely precious when captured and sustained.



*Monk Gibbon.*

It is a phenomenon which characterises, I believe, the best moments in the work of Monk Gibbon, and notably the deep and rich experience which he describes in *The Seals*, still my favourite of all his works. Alone with his thoughts, as he lay in a little field in Donegal, on an unusually fine day, the scene was irradiated for him by the mild light of the sun; the sounds of a dog barking, or of two nearby haymakers calling to each other, were set against a resonant backcloth of silence. From these physical effects of sight and sound, we tion, is really an extended move into a dream-like universe, where self and world appear undivided. "I am no longer cut off from the rest of creation," writes Monk Gibbon, describing this memorable experience, "for nothing is separate, all is one. The serenity and calm of the evening is shared by every living thing. Even the grass seems to share it. The same mysterious consciousness embraces us all in this foreordained moment of time."

*The Seals*, as indeed may be evident from this brief quotaprose poem, and should take its place with *The Tremulous String*, as among those works where narrative is supplanted by lyrical objectivity. The author here becomes the crucible of experience and is, at the same time, its symbolising agent. Here, as elsewhere in the work of Monk Gibbon, one feels the presence of a man for whom the visible world exists, with unusual immediacy, be it in the progress of a tiny insect crawling over the soil, the variegated colour and limpidity of rock-pools, or the sudden tightening of the line in the drama of fishing, when the trout's life is "threatened with inertia." One feels, too, the rise and fall of the rhythms in his cadenced writings, calling to mind his own readings from prose and verse in which he so effectively conveys his feeling for the texture of certain individual words and phrases. From the subjective awareness of the visual and auditory components in his experience, Monk Gibbon moves to a more formal presentation of lived experience in terms of poetic design. His self-exploration has led to an analysis of awareness in which action is transmuted into perception and the flow of chronological time is modified and enriched by sequences of images or portraits. An achievement such as this, in terms of the merging of prose and poetry, owes much to the literary heritage of the past. But does it not also herald new and unsuspected experiments to come?

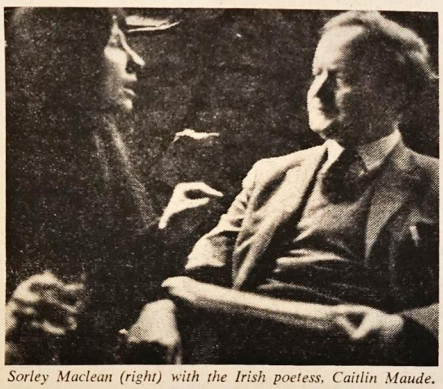
**Barbara Wright is the Associate Professor in French at Trinity College, Dublin.**

***Books***

# A Gaelic Poet

## Micheal OhUanachain

**POEMS TO EIMHIR. By Sorley Maclean. Translated from Gaelic by Iain Crichton Smith. Gollancz. £1.90.**



*Sorley Maclean (right) with the Irish poetess, Caitlin Maude.*

SOMHAIRLE Mac Ghill Eathain, or Sorley Maclean, as he is described here, made a brief reading tour of Ireland earlier this year in company with two other Scots Gaelic poets, Ruaraidh MacThomais and Domhnall MacAmhlaigh, a tour which was for many people their introduction to Gaelic poetry. It was also their introduction to the doyen of contemporary Gaelic poets, for Mac Ghill Eathain is so regarded despite a remarkably small corpus of published work. His only solo collection, *Dáin do Eimhir agus dáin eile*, published in 1943, has long been unavailable and apart from joint collections such as *17 Poems for 6d.*, with Robert Garioch (1940), and *Four Points of a Saltire*, with three other poets (1970), there is only the normal appearance in magazines and periodicals. He is known to be working on a very long poem, "An Cuilthionn", an extract from which appeared as early as in the 1940 volume.

A strong Socialist, Mac Ghill Eathain nonetheless did not "go to Spain" as so many other writers of the thirties did. He remained at home, bound, it would appear from his poetry, by a love which was stronger than his politics. This is the tension of his poetry, and out of it he has created a contemporary speech for Gaelic, a modern voice which is lacking, for example, in Irish—there is no political poetry in the modern sense, nothing more aware than the romantic nationalism of the early century or the patronising conservatism of the early Gaelic Leaguers. Mac Ghill Eathain can talk of a commitment which has never been expressed in Irish:

let me burn away each leaf
that grew joyfully from my grief.

And let me hammer the people's wrongs.
into the iron of my songs.

A lyrical voice fused with the tempered hardness of a political poetry. Nor does it deny him the use of the lyric as such:

You were a daybreak on the Cuilthionn,
a happy light across the Clárach,
sun on her elbow in the gold-stream
and the candid rose of dawning.

*Dáin do Eimhir* is a slightly enigmatic sequence composed in the main of short love poems, sixty in number, of which only 48 were included in the original. In fact, the 1943 edition included prose translations of 19 of the poems, prepared by friends of the poet and revised by himself, and in all of these cases Mr. Crichton Smith has followed fairly closely to this "authorised version".

Some of the remaining translations are less than happy at times, and take what to my mind are rather wider liberties with the original than is warranted.

I took the coward's way,
the mean road of the slave,
how should I expect to meet
the thunderbolt of love?

This example, from No. XXII, illustrates both the virtue and some of the weaknesses of these translations.

Cha do lean mi ach an
t-slighe chrìon,
bheag, ìosal, thioram, thláth:
is ciamar sin a chionnichinn
ri bheithir-theine 'ghráidh?

Here, the first couplet implies weakness, inaction, negativity: a marvellous contrast with the "vital flame of love". Mr. Crichton Smith diminishes the contrast with his use of the "road of the slave"—it is too positive a concept. More's the pity, for he has caught exacly the right tone and values in the second couplet.

One could carp further — Mr. Crichton Smith has omitted titles from three of the poems in his selection; he makes much more liberal use of punctuation than does Maclean, sometimes spoiling the effect; and in in general, there is a tendency for the translations to run to a verbal lushness which at times compares strangely with the spare passion of the Gaelic. There is something very unharmonious, for example, about the latin intricacy of No. XXVII:

The reader told me my imagination
was gathering to a conflagration,
lustrous, brilliant and clear.

when contrasted with:

B'fhearr leam na goid an teine
a neamh air sgáth an t-sluaigh,
a' ghad nach d'rinn am milleadh,
aig sireadh na fhuair,
gad meallaidh bho do shúilean
beóthachadh úr an duain.

It is "beóthachadh úr an duain" rather than "the abundant constancies of my verse" which best describes the poetry of Sorley Maclean. His is the contribution which has most furthered Gaelic poetry in this century, and although there has been no school of followers, Gaelic poets of the younger generation acknowledge their substantial debt to his experiments. In common with many Irish writers, he has been troubled by the moribundity of his language, and has questioned the value of continuing to write in Gaelic:

Cha n'fhaic mi fáth mo shaothrach
bhith cur smaointean an cainnt bhasmhoir
a nis is siúrsachd na Roinn-Eórpa
'na murt stóite 's na crádhlot;
ach thugadh dhuinn am muillion bliadhna
'na mhìr an roinn cianail fhásmhoir
gaisge 's foighidinn nan ciadan
agus míorbhail aodainn álainn

His reason is not that Gaelic is dying, or that it is inadequate, or that he cannot communicate, but that there may be other, higher, priorities than the cultivating of a tongue which has had its golden era long since, and had already enriched us.

Maclean himself has enriched the language in his turn, and this translated selection of his major work is a gateway to a culture too much neglected by its "next friend", Irish.

**Micheál Ó hUanacháin's first collection, "Go dTaga Léas", appeared this year.**

*Books*

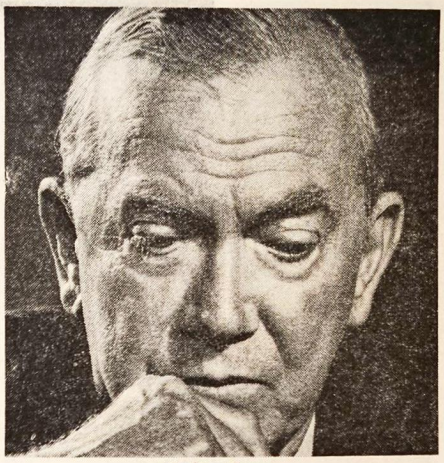
# Shades of Greene

## Bernard Share

**A SORT OF LIFE. By Graham Greene. Bodley Head. £1.80.**

"IF I WERE dealing with an imaginary character, I might feel it necessary to make him hesitate, put the revolver back into the cupboard, return to it again after an interval, reluctantly and fearfully, when the burden of boredom and despair became too great. But in fact there was no hesitation at all. . ." Greene's youthful dicing with death fascinates on two levels : the first the broadly ironic one of a fruitful creative life that might never have been; the second that perpetual and wrenching dichotomy which afflicts any novelist, good or bad : the maddeningly indefinable, and at many times insoluble gap between characters and their human counterparts, with all that this implies in terms of artistic frustration and despair.

The very fact that this is the central problem obsessing any writer of fiction (however he may try to reduce the importance of character as against any other element in his novels) means that he is unlikely to write autobiography from the same standpoint as that if your politician, or retired general. The latter usually see people as the consistent entities they try to be, acting, as it were, always in character and within a certain defined framework. The novelist's vision is both sharper and more myopic : he cannot help himself delving for pieces of "character" which he will later assemble into a fictional being with, he will hope, forms more real than living man. He practices an unwitting selection, seeing in people only those attributes that may later serve him in good stead. Greene's autobiography is thus not about people in the way it might have been had he continued to work for either the London *Times* or the British Secret Service. Fiction has coloured his life and the dim figures that slide in and out of his pages play their parts as surely—and as efficiently—as do the walk on parts in *Brighton Rock, The Power and the Glory* or any other of his novels.



*Graham Greene.*

The most shadowy of all these personages is the author himself. Even the novelist who makes of himself his chief subject does so in a special way, so that you would not necessarily recognise proust or Malcolm Lowry or Laurence Sterne from reading their books. When called upon to lay their cards on the table they are found hedging, automaticaliy assuming the fictional mask. Greene on his experiments in suicide is a good example : what fascinates him most about the incident is the intriguing difference between what he did and what a fictional Greene might have done; and, by extension, if a fictional Greene had done it a different way (for "verisimilitude") would it have been better art? But this is probably not the aspect of the case that will most interest the non-novelist. Autobiography, he may feel, should be about chaps, not maps of hitherto uncharted fictions. More particularly, it should be about one chap—the autobiographer. Greene, from this point of view, tells us a great deal and tells us nothing. He emerges from the book not as a person, but as a writer. His greatest auguishes, as recorded here, are not the miseries of sex or boredom or religious doubt but claustrophobic sreative struggles, nightmares from which one tries in vain to waken. Any writer will understand, and sympathise with, the priorities : unless the big pains can be focussed through the creative prism they become, for all their enormity, something that is happening to somebody else.

It is not my intention to make this book sound aloof or inhuman : merely to indicate that the kind of autobiography written by a novelist of such skill and experience as Graham Greene is bound to differ fundamentally in both treatment and preoccupation from that produced to cover political tracks or re-animate old scandals. There are few scandals and little politics here : some of the secret service stuff possibly cannot be told, but what is here reads largely like rejected material for some of the earlier Entertainments. There is, in fact, an aura of the second-best-bed over nearly everything Greene has to tell us about his life in the non-fictional world, wherever that may be. It is hard, pehaps, after eighteen novels, to say anything new, particularly about something as tedious, to an artist, as one's own non-creative life. Need I add that anyone with any pretensions to writing, and anyone who admires what Mr. Greene has written, will find this book utterly fascinating, give or take a few shadowy aunts and uncles. And if much of the fascination lies in the reticence rather than the revelation, it reflects the integrity and genuine modesty of a writer who recognises that success in his field is not measureable in money or in circulation, and that the next book is going to be, must always be, better.

**Bernard Share is author of the novel "Merciful Hour," which was published by Allen Figgis.**

# A Parish Tragedy

## Patrick Boyle

**THE BIG CHAPEL. By Thomas Kilroy. Faber. £2.25.**

THIS IS the first novel of the dramatist who wrote *The Death and Resurrection of Mr. Roche*, staged at the 1968 Dublin Festival and subsequently produced at the Hampstead Theatre Club. Based on a notorious clerical scandal in a small town in Co. Kilkenny, it deals with an Ireland of a hundred years ago. And yet, though background and protagonists are authentically Victorian, he has managed to breathe so much life into this dismal setting that the characters fairly leap out at you from the page.

It is the story of a community in convulsion. Religious convulsion. With nightly riots, wholesale lootings and burnings, violent deaths, and mutual denunciation of Red and Roman peril. The venue could be the Bogside, were it not that both the warring parties are, in the pious and immortal phraseology of our Orange brethren, papish gets. The period is the 1870s, with papal infallibility and Roman engulfment of the Catholic Church in Ireland, a *fait accompli*.

But there are still pockets of resistance left. One of them is in the small town of Kyle, where the local parish priest, Father Lannigan, is an old-fashioned liberal who hates the introduction of alien doctrines boosting up the authority of the Church. He believes, God help him, in the scriptural warning that anyone seeking to follow in the footsteps of the Master must be the servant of a servant, not a Prince of the Church, living in a so-called palace.

The first shot in the battle is fired when a deputation of townsfolk approach Father Lannigan with a request that he get the Christian Brothers to open up their own school and that he close down the National Schools, of which he is the manager. They give their reasons:

*"The Church's agin the National Schools."*

*"They're Government schools. Run be the English, heathen schools, to drag away innocent Irish childer. Souper schools."*

*"The Cardinal's agin the National Schools. Ay, and the Bishop. And most priests."*

*"It's only, Father, that we have our own good Catholic schools now and the good Brothers and holy Sisters to run them."*

Father Lannigan, who is proud of the high standard of his schools, angrily refuses. So an alternative school opens in the town, the school of the Christian Brothers. From now on it is open warfare, with his curates siding against him. They report him to the Bishop for drawing pupils away from the new schools by *"provocative and unchristian enticements and persuasions"*. He retorts by offering, in his own

*Thomas Kilroy*

schools, personal classes in Latin, Greek and French. So now he is reported to his Bishop for turning schoolmaster and neglecting his parish duties. Soon charge and counter-charge become wilder and wilder climaxing with Father Lannigan proclaiming on the public highway that a conspiracy has been formed not only to destroy him but to establish the authority of Rome instead of the law of the land; that the conspirators seek to change the traditional nature of the Irish Church; that he himself has been singled out because he would tolerate no intolerance, no sectarian evil, but would provide the best schools first and worry about the system afterwards.

He institutes libel actions against his curates and his bishop. His parish is split into factions; those from the town backing the bishop, those from the country siding with their rpiest. Eventually he is suspended and his parish church placed under interdict. Out of this discord spring riot and bloodshed: hatred, intolerance and acrimony and the final squalid desecration by the townsfolk of their own parish church in a fruitless attempt to prevent its use by Father Lannigan. In the end, the rebellious priest is forced out of the town, after making his submission to the Bishop. Like Lucifer, whose *non serviam* brought about the destruction of the fallen angels, Father Lannigan's courage, integrity and outrageous pride caused the downfall of his friends and followers, one family being decimated to a solitary grandchild, *"a butcher's help with a hare lip frequently pointed out as an example of the priest-curse said to affect with deformity all those families who had sided with the Red Priest years before."*

*The Big Chapel* is an unforgettable tale, with all the dramatic impact of Greek tragedy. The writing is pungent and spare. The narrative swings back and forth between past, present and future, but remains always in pursuit of the inevitable. A book that may not be liked in Callan but that will surely receive the critical acclaim it so richly deserves.

Let us not delude ourselves that the cruel and stupid outrages perpetrated a hundred years ago could not occur today. There are, both North and South, ecclesiastical hallions who would treat in the same fashion a modern Father Lannigan or anyone else, lay or clerical, who dared to oppose them. And the cultural monstrsity against which the Kilkenny priest fought—segregated education, the cause of all sectarian bigotry — is as rampant North and South as it was a century ago. The chief upholders of this out-of-date tradition are a group of well-fed, self-satisfied church leaders, so perhaps if a weight limit of 140 pounds was fixed for all candidates to the hierarchy there would be fewer pot-bellied prelates and less hatred and violence amongst the laity.

**Patrick Boyle is author of the novel "Like Any Other Man."**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Edited by Richard Crossman

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*Books*

# From Rags to Rajah

## Michael Harding

**THE RAJAH FROM TIPPERARY. By Maurice Hennessy. Sidgwick and Jackson. £2.50.**

*General George Thomas*

THIS IS a colourful chronicle of a Tipperary man who became one of the great military leaders of 18th-Century India. He founded an Indian State and became its Rajah. But he was much more than this for he was almost worshipped by the people of the Punjab like one of their gods. His fame was in large measure due to the unique character of the man himself, and the influence of a woman. Not for the first time has history recorded the feminine impetus in the affairs of men. The man, George Thomas, was a forceful personality and a born leader of men. He had a gift for military strategy. He led native armies across red hot Indian plains in battles of barbaric ferocity and yet maintained self control, unique in the circumstances. This enhanced the esteem for his leadership in the minds of his men.

There are few records of Thomas's early life in Roscrea, his birthplace and even his first six years in India are obscure. He dictated his memoirs to a Major Franklin. They were not completed, however, and it was due to the research of another British officer, Colonel John Eadie, that the material for this book matured. The author knew Eadie well and was much impressed with his scholarship. In 1938, some years before his death, Eadie gave his notes on Thomas to the author. A number of books on India are cited. They provided secondary sources.

Thomas started his career the hard way, no education, no money. There was just himself. He was one of many born in the Penal Days, for whom education could only be obtained by deserting the Catholic faith. But however covertly it may have been imparted, his Catholic teaching gave him the basics of Christian living. Leaving Ireland he joined the British Navy, and the rigours of Navy life in the 18th century made its mark on his character. It can be assumed, therefore, that it was a tough young man who arrived in Madras in 1781. Joining the Polygars, an army of brigands, he was shocked by the sordid scenes he witnessed during their plundering raids. Leaving them he joined the Hyderabad Army. After a brief period, however, we find him following his warrior impulses by joining a group of mercenaries called Pindaras. Men of many races and religions, they were ready to fight for any Indian power provided they were paid for it. Thomas formed his own group which he called the Irish Pindaras. The slaughter and savagery which followed this escapade appalled him. Disbanding his Pindaras in Delhi, he became a lieutenant in the army of the Begum, or Princess, of Sardhana. She had a reputation for preferring white European officers. Thomas decided to put this to the test with the object of gaining control of her army and eventually setting up an Indian State for himself. The Begum was intensely attracted to Thomas. He became infatuated and eventually fell madly in love with her. In her army Thomas's military genius reached its peak. He organised his men to the highest standards of efficiency while they responded with an almost fanatical loyalty. Victorious battles brought him more glory and he acquired great power and prestige all over the Punjab. The love of Thomas for the Begum scintilates all through this period of bloodshed. Alas, she deserted him for a French officer and her armies rebelled out of loyalty to Thomas. She was deposed but put back on her throne again, largely through the efforts of Thomas whose love, apparently, transcended everything.

Hariana was the scene of George Thomas's last great adventure, a place which never recognised any ruler, it was at the mercy of every passing marauder. Thomas captured it and became its rajah. He spent most of his time defending it. He died from fever in August, 1802, and was buried in the Military Cemetery at Bahramper.

This is just an outline of Maurice Hennessy's book, which he has written from incomplete notes and meagre sources. He has overcome those limitations with remarkable success.

# A. M. + D. G.

## John McInerney

**JESUIT CHILD. By Macdonald Hastings. Michael Joseph. £3.00.**

"I DO NOT like this appearance of the Jesuits," wrote John Adams to Thomas Jefferson in 1816. "If ever there was a body of men who merited eternal damnation on earth and in hell, it is this Society of Loyola." More recently, when Pedro Arrupe visited Moscow, the official Albanian news agency condemned the "modern Soviet revisionists" for flirting with the "avant-garde of the blackest reaction of the exploiting classes and the Vatican." *Jesuit Child*, indeed, was partly "inspired" by research undertaken for a BBC-TV documentary, "The Hated Society."

The "Js" themselves have always been amused or bemused by their mystique, which seems to bewitch all who haven't been "Jesuit children", and one wonders how much there really is in their notorious reputation (immortalised in the recipe: "Give us a boy at the age of seven, and he will be ours for the rest of his life") for educational brainwashing.

Contrary to Hastings' argument that the Jesuits encourage individual "bents and personalities," these tend to emerge more distinctly and more often in reaction to the pressures of uniformity and pragmatism than from any disinterested cultivation of character and aptitude. Conan Doyle, also an alumnus of Stonyhurst, observed more accurately that "such a system may weaken self-respect and self-help": unsurprisingly, if we consider that obedience was from the first recognised as essential to discipline and effectiveness in a spiritual army ("their Society could have no solidarity if it was eroded by the promptings of individual conscience"); indeed, Hastings approvingly stresses the persistently paramilitary nature of the Jesuits —Ignatius never quite abandoned his early dream of a crusade to "liberate" Jerusalem and even advocated "an armed maritime invasion on Islam"— and their fierce competitiveness (the real enemy, one sometimes imagines, was not Protestanism or Islam, but the Dominicans).

Hastings notes that the Jesuits have always been a "supranational" order, and agrees that nationalism has been the curse of post-reformation European history, but is chiefly concerned to emphasise the "firmly rooted . . . Englishry" *(sic)* of Stonyhurst, and extols the "splendid English names" of "so many Jesuits." Not a word, naturally, about the Jesuits in Ireland (too much to expect from *Eagle* Special Investigator, perhaps), though Joyce's testimony, at least, should be a classic text in any consideration of that "idiosyncratic . . . education which had thrown up way out people like Voltaire, Rousseau and Corneille": though in fact Rousseau wasn't educated by them, and when I mentioned Voltaire once to an ex-teacher of mine, he replied equably: "Ah, yes, even we have our failures, you know."

Sensibly debunking the "popular delusion that the Jesuits are all diabolically clever," Hastings offers a lurid example of dogmatism and prejudice from his schooldays. Some of my contemporaries may remember a Religious Knowledge master telling of a pair of lovers who climbed up on top of the glass roof of a dance hall to copulate, fell through, died instantly, and went straight to hell; he brooked no argument on the last point.

Although Hastings claims to be "one of their unholy children," he believes that "if the Jesuits can get on course again, the world will"—so one isn't surprised to find Xavier's prodigies and the ghastly martyrdoms of Brebeuf and Jogues narrated in very much the spirit and style of Jesuit hagiographies inflicted on one at school. "I want the Jesuits to be right," confesses this "rebel under a benign influence," dutifully condemning public-school homosexuality as "that wretched nuisance" and "the evil", and loyally defending the Jesuits' "scholastic discipline" of corporal punishment as "one of the best systems ever devised" because "the sufferer need never lose his dignity," since slaps were administered as "the whole school was passing by." Anyway, we're assured, the pandybat made a man of Hastings, stronger on manly pastimes than on the softer pleasures which civilise men and women: "the most fulfilling years of my life have been passed in lonely places with a gun or a fishing rod in my hand; or a horse between my legs."

Not that women are excluded from his world: although he blames the Jesuits for his being "clumsy in the company of women long after a man ought to be", he can't wholly attribute to their misogyny and lapsarianism his curious views on the Rib and Crooked Piece of Man. A sex of motherly nurses dedicated to the care and cure of men who expose themselves to extreme physical privation, women "clearly adored the courier of Heaven", whose life was saved at Manresa" by these "fluttering females" who "mothered him back into something like health." "A natural feminine thing in a man's crazy world," he explains. When not thus engaged. they are suitable instruments, "between the blankets", of diplomatic influences at court, but Women's Libido receives no approval unless its operation favours the Jesuits.

It could have been a fascinating book. Unfortunately, it is a very shoddy product indeed. Its few commendable parts (on the Paraguay Reductions and Matteo Ricci's Chinese mission) explains its failure: they are compelling reportage. His talents are journalistic: any intrusion of the personal is disastrous. Ignore misprints, misspellings ("neophite") inexistent words ("fictitional"), pseudo-americanisms ("a helluva fellow"), neologisms ("demo") to bridge the generation-gap, archaisms ("doxies"), attempted colloquialisms ("the Inquisition was a Dominican thing"), words misused ("penuriousness", p.71), unsound grammar and ambiguity. But consider this: "I suckled my mother's milk in the ambience of the ancient academy." It is characteristic and instructive: an incurable addiction to unfailingly mishandled metaphor, uncontrolled alliteration, utter insensitivity to rhythm. Consider these similes: "his heart, with scarcely any work to do on his body, pumped as sweetly as a Rolls Royce"; "Inig's journey is best regarded, not as a miracle, but football pool luck." At Stonyhurst he learned how to carve a joint; he might have learned with equal profit to compose a sentence. L.D.S.

# At home with O'Casey

## Lorna Reynolds

**SEAN. By Eileen O'Casey. Edited with an Introduction by J. C. Trewin. Macmillan. £3.25.**

THIS BOOK might have been better entitled *Life With Sean*, for Eileen O'Casey makes no sustained attempt to assess her famous husband either as a playwright or as a person. Instead she tells her own story, the preliminaries before she met him, the manner in which she did, and then her life as his wife and the mother of his children. It is a remarkable story in its own right. She begins by sketching her family background, describing her free-thinking, farm-hating, gambling, Athlone father, who emigrated to South Africa, and her difficult, stubborn, rigidly Catholic, Ballina mother, the break-up of the marriage, the nervous breakdown and subsequent death of her father, the disruption of a settled home, her upbringing in orphanage and boarding school, while her mother took jobs as a nurse-companion. Psychologists should take note that there emerged from this insecurity, change and deprivation the gayest, most self-confident and prettiest of flappers: there are some delectable photographs of Eileen Carey in Spanish shawl and vast velvet hat to support the evidence of the text. Here clearly was a girl who had to get what she wanted, and got it.

Immediately on reading *Juno and the Paycock*, she wanted to meet the author. She was in New York, acting a tiny part in a play, but was due to leave in a week. Within days of landing in England the meeting was arranged. Then, in her own words, "though it might not have been love at first sight, he fascinated me and I could not stop thinking about him. We did not marry for more than sixteen months. Yet from that first afternoon until his death 38 years later I don't suppose I ever lost him." Judging by the letter he wrote to her at the beginning of his last illness, one can agree that she never did. She was the "pulse of his heart" and where she was home was.

This book will undoubtedly be widely read because of our common greed to know how the great manage the business of daily life, but it will also be of service to scholars and students of O'Casey. It makes clear why he continued to live in England; it shows him in a new dimension, in the relationship of a considerate, loving husband and father, contending with all the problems of rearing and educating children in wartime England, complicated by the financial insecurity of a writer. It shows him in agonising grief at the death of his second son, Niall; in delighted encounter with old friends; in thorny isolation as a writer. There are some splendid photographs; one especially stays in the memory, of Seán, an old man, with his daughter Shivaun, the old face a mixture of sweetness and grimness, the young its strength fleshed in softness, but the resemblance quite clear.

The writing is not distinguished; nor should we expect it to be so. But it has the merit of vitality and an apparent candour that at times brilliantly conceals either conscious or unconscious vagueness.

**Lorna Reynolds is Professor of English at University College Galway.**

*Books*

# New Poetry

## Michael Smith

**THE SURVIVORS. By Bryn Griffiths. J. M. Dent. £1.25.**
**THE LOST COUNTRY. By Kathleen Raine. Dolmen Press. £1.40.**
**COME SOFTLY TO MY WAKE. By Christy Brown. Secker and Warburg. 1.25.**

A WELSH poet's impressions of Australia during "two lengthy visits" (as the blurb has it). That's a fair enough description of Bryn Griffiths' *The Survivors*, though there are a few very bad poems in the book which must be exempted from that description. The book even has a theme, indicated by its title: Man's persistent survival in the face of all difficulties and dangers. Griffiths imagines Australia in those terms. His problem is: how to rape poetically the primieval virginity of Down Under:

Through the window, the
wire-screened eye
of this hot skull of a house,
Australia
shimmers in a blast of sun,
blue sky, flies and dust,
and the red tiles of endless
suburbia.
Can one make a pattern of
this,
weave words from such thin
threads,
make sense of the mind's
desert?
I have tried, and failed, for
I am not of this.

I must concur with Griffiths' own admission of failure. The poems combine superficial observation . . .

I am the shape that shudders
in the wind.
I am the ghost that stalks the
wastelands,
the desert and silence of
Australia.
I cry forever, haunting the
burnt land,
from prehistoric past to present.

contrived mysticism . . . ("I bid") and an intolerable surfeit of collapsed hyperbolisms . . .

The long streets lance a
living corpse . . .
i.e., Melbourne.

Still, I was not disappointed by Bryn Griffiths' book. The first poem I read, chosen at random, was "War of Love."

Caged, caught in the closing
climax of her hour,
I still win this war of love
with muscled power,
And yet as I conquer her,
and conflict dies,
my slow defeat lives for a
moment in her eyes.

Better not attempt to write poetry at all than to indulge oneself with such ludicrous cleverality.

* * *

Kathleen Raine's *The Lost Country* is a collection of rather harmless verse, expressive, mainly, of nostalgia for childhood and sentimental hankering after the Yeatsianly apprehended qualities of "beauty, wisdom, power and joy."

It is all vague, rhetorical stuff, a heavily literary concoction of obvious Yeatsiana and a cosy bourgeois naiveté.

Civilization has a price
Those know only who have
paid.
Rome fought, in civilization's cause,
Before the years of Christian grace
The barbarous nations at the
gates
To keep that rabble horde
at bay.
Rome declined; again there
fails
A civilization or a world,
And what is vanishing, I
praise.

Yeats, great poet as he was, was not always as big as his prejudices: for Kathleen Raine to approach the writing of verse with that man's anti-democratic prejudices and inhuman idealism of beauty, is to give herself no chance at all.

* * *

Of Christy Brown's first collection of poems there is little to write except clichés, the more damning, the more accurate; I lack irony or gall to praise, and this book does not demand profound response. Suffering the notorious *angst* of one who is determined to write a poem, ballad or whatnot (it's the thought that counts), but is daunted by the blank page, our poet is "hunting the apt phrase, groping for the apposite term" while reminding himself that:

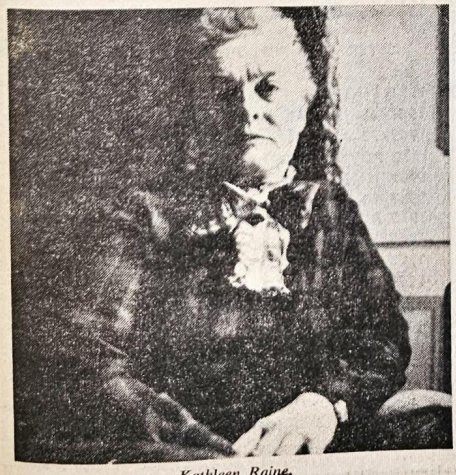
I might have made a poem
of this
when I was young, not long
ago,
Some familiar addition
some fine frenzy for life
could have made this a
rounded number,
could have made this music.

Precision and music appear both to have been omitted from this addition: there remains only that dulling sense of failure to write a poem; a species of heavy humour stretched to its limit to fit a thudding rhyme:

No worth philosophic themes
disturb my holy Sabbath
dreams;
for what has Eternity to offer
better
than a girl in a tight skirt
and sweater.

There remains also a few lines in which some real necessity to say something shows faintly beneath the excess verbiage and the corner-boy posturing; this, principally in the last couple of poems in the book (before the atrocious finale). But these are very few, and far from the "funny, sad, lyrical, earthy" ballads of his publishers' illusion, further still from what this reviewer considers poetry, out of respect for which unpleasant things have often, thanklessly, to be said. But you can't see fish in dirty water, let alone know whether they're alive or not, which is improbable, but at least possible.

**Michael Smith is editor of the poetry magazine, "The Lace Curtain."**



*Kathleen Raine.*

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**THE NAIVE AND SENTIMENTAL LOVER, by John le Carré. Hodder and Stoughton. £2.25.**
**GIRL, 20, by Kingsley Amis. Jonathan Cape. £1.50.**

## NEW NOVELS
## John Broderick

THE LATE George Jean Nathan once described the English theatre of the Thirties in one devastating sentence. Much of the contemporary English polite comedy, he wrote, suggest a highly polished and very smooth billiard table with all the necessary brightly poised cues, but without balls. The same might be said of a great many modern English novels.

Consider the case of Mr. John le Carré. He is the author of several enormously successful and brilliantly plotted spy thrillers. His new novel does not belong to this genre, although his publishers insist on the blurb that it is not a "breakaway book", which means of course that this is precisely what it is. The statement however is illuminating, and gives one a clue to that malaise which at the moment runs through all levels of British society: an inability to face reality. When an Englishman wants to be naughty he does not avail himself of the most comprehensive red-light district in Europe right in the middle of his capital city, but takes himself off in the steps of Lord Longford to Copenhagen, whence he returns feeling, not unnaturally, cheated. In the same way when he wants to write something "significant" he does not grapple with the one great theme which obsesses every English heart: the collapse of the Empire. Instead he locks himself in the nursery, sucks his thumb and wallows in nostalgic memories of the delicious spankings Nanny administered to him with such unfailing regularity. The great arch-types of much of modern English fiction are not Tom Jones or even Mr. Pecksniff, but Christopher Robin and Peter Pan.

There is perhaps some symbolism in the fact that Aldo Cassidy, the anti-hero of Mr. Le Carré's fairy tale is a highly successful manufacturer of prams. His money has not of course brought him happiness: if it had there would be no story. He spends most of his spare time inspecting stately homes with a view to setting himself up as a country squire, mostly in his imagination. In one of them, Haverdown, he finds a couple squatting. Their names are Helen and Shamus and they are Bohemians. Shamus who is a failed writer is the sort of character which I thought had disappeared from English fiction since Margaret Kennedy wrote "The Constant Nymph" in 1924. He speaks in various accents and describes himself according to his mood as Irish, Jewish and Italian. On the whole however I imagine he is meant to be Irish. Certainly he is crazy enough to fit in with the cosy English notion of what a wild Gael ought to be. He is a drunk, a sponger and in my view quite obviously mad. But to poor Aldo, who is finding the pram business rather a drag, he represents Art, Freedom, Excitement, and he falls madly in love with him. They address each other constantly as "lover", and if that were not enough Aldo falls in love with Helen also. Between them they lead him a merry dance which of course he adores, avid as he is for those long-lost spankings. Perish the thought that a respectable English writer, celebrated for his ingenious murders, should treat a bisexual situation with any degree of seriousness. The whole affair is sugared over with a layer of whimsy that reminds one of the late Sir James Barrie at his embarrassing best. Shamus accuses Aldo of being a Christopher Robin, about the only sensible thing he says in the whole course of the book. In the end after a scene in Switzerland unbelievable in its bizarre masochism, Aldo bids Hail and Farewell to the world of Art and installs himself in Haverdown, a county gentleman at last. It is a pity that Mr. le Carré on coming in from the cold should lock himself in the nursery. But then perhaps that is what thrillers are all about.

Mr. Kingsley Amis also has his symbol in his new novel: not perambulators this time, but under-pants. His anti-hero is an ageing conductor, Sir Roy Vandervane, who has a penchant for young girls preferably under eighteen. His pursuit of one of them, a grisly specimen called Sylvia whose main talent apart from her prowess in bed is rudeness. The resulting imbroglio enables Mr. Amis to construct many scenes of social comedy which are supposed to be funny, since they exploit the English obsession for dinner-parties and other gatherings at which everyone is at odds with everybody else on account of their different class distinctions. Those who have had Nannies find their teeth being set on edge by those who have not. Having waded my way through at least a hundred such set-pieces in other recent novels I no longer find them even remotely funny.

Sir Roy attempts to bridge the gap with that sort of hearty socialism which rather reminds one of a white American liberal trying to be "nice" to a Negro. Mr. Amis does not approve of rich socialists who drive expensive motors and live in luxury; nor does he think much of the younger generation. All this is fair game, and the author pokes some mild darts into the flabby flesh of a number of rather tired sacred cows.

The chief joke of the book is however Sir Roy and his underpants. His wife discovers that his stock of them rapidly disappears whenever he begins a new affaire with one of his young girls. Back to the nursery again. What would Nanny say if God's own Englishman prepared himself for bed by taking off anything less than an immaculate pair of underwear? This for some reason or other is supposed to be screamingly funny; and I suppose it is for those who like their humour puerile. Peter Pan with his pants down.

The sad thing about the whole thing is that Mr. Amis is a natural novelist. He does not, unlike Mr. le Carré, find it necessary to explain his characters' thoughts and emotions at insufferable length. His dialogue is good and his construction sound. But in this novel at any rate he does not succeed in bringing any of his characters to life, with the possible exception of Sir Roy himself who in spite of his underpants has a sort of crude vitality.

Both these books are of course liberally peppered with fashionable four-letter words; but they do not ring altogether true; and utterly fail to conceal a horrible fundamental refinement. It is as though Christopher Robin was discovered muttering obscenities instead of saying his prayers. All calculated to shock Big Nanny; and no doubt very, very naughty. But one wishes that Messrs le Carré and Amis would grow up.

**John Broderick, whose new novel "An Apology for Roses" is to be published soon by Calder and Boyars, will be reviewing new fiction regularly in "Hibernia."**

## BOOKCHAT
### Maurice Sweeney

THERE HAVE been certain rumours circulating lately to the effect that the financially very rewarding Butler Awards, which are given every two years for writing in Irish were to be given a miss this year. The reason, the rumours stated, was because of a general dearth of talent from which the judges felt it would be well-nigh impossible to pick someone worth the £2,000 first priée, not to mention the two lesser prizes of £1,000 and £500. Such speculations may now however be safely scotched as the sponsors of the awards, the Irish-American Cultural Institute, have at last raised white smoke and will be announcing the results at a reception in the Abbey at the end of this month.

The field of course is a relatively small one and the more attentive students of Irish literary affairs should be able to give a pretty shrewd guess to the outcome. My own small bet is that Mairtin O Direain should at least get into the short list for his book of poetry, *Crainn is Cairde*. This of course has already proven its merit by winning the Arts Council's award.

* * *

IF EVER there is an award given for the best gimmick by a publisher in the year, this year's should go to Leslie Frewin. His latest is with a first novel, *King's Road*, by one Mariella Novotny who, seemingly, before she took to writing enjoyed a certain measure of fame both as a distant cousin of the ex-Czech President of the same name and as a well-known London "hostess", and you can take that anyway you like. Not only, however, was it enough for Leslie Frewin that she should have written the book but he also got her to model for the dust-jacket where she appears rather tantalisingly in a state of undress.

All of which was too much for Messrs. James Duffy and Co. Ltd., the Dublin publishers, who protested in, as they say, a strong manner about such "pointless nudity" to the organ of the book-trade, *The Bookseller*.

Concern with matters of a moral nature, I suppose, must rub off on anybody who publishes the *Irish Catholic Directory* from year to year.

Neither might feel too happy about the cover of Edna O'Brien's *Pagan Place* which has just come out from Penguin. This features, not Miss O'Brien, but some anonymous and very beautiful young lady. She, incidentally, may also be found on six other Edna O'Brien titles from Penguin, including *August is a Wicked Month* and *The Country Girls*.

* * *

POET, playwright and novelist Christopher Isherwood, who is every bit just as English as his name and who for some strange reason is now living in that most un-English of locations, California, has just written a book, *Frank and Kathleen*, which introduces us to a brief period of Isherwood family history. The two people mentioned in the title are his parents and he describes their courtship, marriage and subsequent years together.

All very personal stuff indeed but there is one part of the book which should be of interest, particularly to Irish readers. This relates to the period the Isherwoods spent in Limerick at the beginning of the century when Frank was stationed at the garrison. *Frank and Kathleen* will be published by Methuen at £4.50 towards the end of this month.

* * *

AS MOST publishers will tell you there is a bit of a bonanza going on at the moment as far as biographical and popular historical works are concerned and as a further contribution to this phenomenon (not unconnected, I think, with the large amount of historical material being presently fed over television) Pelican have started an interesting series of reprints of well-known biographical works. Two new additions to the series have just been published. First there is Enid Starkie's *Flaubert: The Making of a Master*. She has, incidentally, just recently written a sequel, *Flaubert: The Master*, which is published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson and her study of *Baudelaire* was an early inclusion in the series. The second title is *W. B. Yeats 1865-1939*, by Joseph Hone which was written with the assistance of Yeats's widow and first published in 1043. And it still holds a very strong position as one of the best studies of the poet.

* * *

NEW ADDITIONS to the Mercier list include four reprints of the Cultural Relation series which was initiated in conjunction with the Department of External Affairs. Two of these, *Ossionic Love and Romantic Tales of Mediaeval Ireland* and *Saga and Myth in Ancient Ireland* are by the late Gerard Murphy, who was Professor of History and Celtic Literature at University College, Dublin. Celtic myth and folklore is also delved into by Maurice Craig in *The Personality of Leinster* in which he traces the history of the province through 4,000 years, and finally there is *Irish Cultural Influences in Europe VI to XII Centuries* in which Tomas O Fiaich discusses the various monastic settlements started by Irish missionaries.

* * *

THE POETRY of William Allingham has now largely been forgotten except for his "Up The Fairy Mountain /Down the Rushy Glen", which for many Irish school children is still their first introduction to poetry. The life and other more memorable work of this poet are the subject of study in Alan Warner's *William Allingham: An Introduction* which has been just published by Dolmen.

And also from Dolmen there is probably the first study ever of George Fitzmaurice, author of *The Country Dressmaker* and *The Piedish*, which were among the first plays to be produced by the Abbey Theatre. The study is by Howard K. Slaughter and is titled *George Fitzmaurice and his Enchanted Land*.

* * *

THE PUBLICATION of *An Muircheartach* some time ago, while a valuable project and one of which Clódhanna Teoranta are very proud, nevertheless caused some delay in other publication (as would any single book involving the outlay of £3,500 in a small publisher's list). However, the company is now back to a normal list, starting probably with another collection from Tomás Bairéad, *Dán*. A lengthy study of the west Kerry (Corcha Duibhne) Gaeltacht by Donncha Ó Conchúir, will follow, and the other immediate volume will be *Henry Flood* by Séamus Puirséil, an award-winning monograph from the 1968 Oireachtas. Also to appear, but in the long term, is a history of Irish Trade Unionism by Fr. Pádraig (Athanás) Ó Giobaláin.


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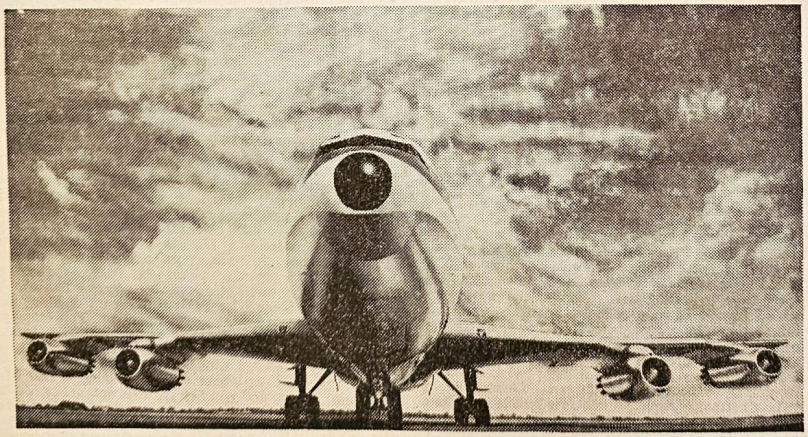

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Bernard Share

**SHRDLU**

IF IT IS drearily true that the older you get the less you know (pause for the pokerwork class to catch up) then it is equally drearily true that the older you get the more you wish you had known. Note the past tense: the eagerness of learning anything new, from Swahili to how to double-declutch a running halyard, diminishes rapidly once one is past the prime of life (around 18 now, I am given to understand). But there remains this vast curiosity about the areas in which other people are expert, or claim to be. Half the sales of these sex manuals, I am sure, are accounted for by people who feel that they have failed to grasp a significant and elusive technology; likewise, or maybe contrary-wise, any man who has carved out for himself an area in which he is demonstrably a specialist can ensure himself an audience of open-mouthed gawpers at any hour of the day or night. It doesn't matter what you are doing as long as you can do it with confidence, aplomb, and that kind of throwaway attitude that implies that you are really thinking of something else all the time. Demonstrate, and go on demonstrating that you can make a better mousetrap and the mice will beat a path to your door.

It occasionally happens that someone remarks:

I don't know how you do it.

What?

The writin'.

Oh, I say, thinking (being both a ciotóg and bone idle) of the effort of shoving the typewriter across the paper.

No, I mean the . . . and he goes on to hazard a layman's guess at what might be termed the technical problems of getting words on to paper whilst all the time I am dying to ask him how he ever learned to distinguish a solenoid from a rhomboid, or how he manages to hang wallpaper without emerging as an over-frocked Buddhist monk, or he can ever have come to understand why the figures on a profit and loss balance sheet always add up at the bottom though they are different all the way down. There is something irrisistibly fascinating about these black—as distinct from grey—areas where every man has his little kingdom.

I can sit and listen for hours to someone explaining just how Dalkey United won the All-Ireland for the first time, what really happened when the Minister for Ghosts and Epitaphs failed to attend the annual Grandfather's Day Commemoration; or why the mustard and cress crop in Roscommon is bound to fail as a result of the wholesale introduction of plastic flannel. I am a sucker for arcane lore, but, mind you, it has to be backed up with an air of authority. (Backing up something with an air? Will the expert in electro - pneumatics please step forward). None of your finger-in-the-crib stuff: your genuine Black man speaks ex cathedra, even if he hasn't the faintest idea what he is talking about.

But less of this envying of others: here is the ideal chance to apply the power of positive thinking. Such is the pace of life, we are given to understand, that most things are out of date almost as soon as they are introduced. But such is the pace of life, we are given to understand, that anything older than 50 years is now considered an antique, and that figure is currently under review. Here is where we can all get in on the act, given a little acumen. Pick yourself a simple, traditional activity: something that is rapidly becoming old hat, like darning your knickers instead of throwing them away, cutting bread instead of buying it in curly, stale slices; playing chopsticks with one finger instead of acquiring £300 worth of stereo equipment to hear someone else doing it. Choose your field, and immerse yourself in it, up to the neck, for six months. Develop a theory on the efficacy of cross-stitch on the gusset, or the virtue in cutting from the bottom of the loaf to the top, of the advisability of changing from the second finger to the thumb to encompass the jump between the extreme left-hand black note and the extreme right-hand one. Then pick your pub, install yourself behind a prophylactic pint, and start talking.

But don't expect anyone to come near you, Not even me. I have my own row to hoe. Did I ever explain to you the science of heel-to-toe-reverse-dribbling . . . .?

Dr. Tom Walsh, former Director of the Wexford Festival

## WEXFORD FESTIVAL: FOR WHOSE PLEASURE?

Harold Rosenthal

Brian Dickie, Festival Director.

*WHEN I WAS invited by the editor of* Hibernia *to contribute an article which might help put the Wexford Festival into perspective, I replied that while in theory I would like to write such a piece, I wondered whether I was the right person to do it. I have only been to one Wexford Festival—that of 1968—and I was so upset by the snobbism and pseudo-Glyndebourne atmosphere that surrounded it, that I resolved never to go again—or at least not until it had changed. The Editor still wanted me to write the article—so here it is.*

THE PLACE OF WEXFORD and its purpose in the European festival "canon" is closely bound up with the wider question of what kind of audiences should opera attract and what is the place of opera in the general festival scheme. During this last summer, my festival travels took me to Glyndebourne, Edinburgh, Munich and Bayreuth—rather fewer centres than in some other years, when I generally manage to take in Holland and Salzburg. At each of these festivals I was struck by two things; the high prices of the tickets and the growing exclusiveness of the audiences. It is true that one sees a number of young people, especially students, at the festival performances in Bayreuth and Munich and also in Edinburgh, but they are more than outnumbered by the smart, expensive-looking "jet-set" who are making opera so exclusive that it looks very much in danger of becoming again the prerogative of those who have the money to afford it. Why should festival opera, or indeed any opera, be synonymous with the champagne-supper and upper-crust image? An image fostered by those who insist that opera must be sung in the original language, because "otherwise, my dear, the close knitting together of words and music, as envisaged by the composer and librettist is entirely destroyed."

I can think of only one thing more ludicrous than an audience sitting down and listening to a performance of an opera in a language they neither understand nor speak and that is having singers, especially British singers, sing a Russian opera, in Russian, which they have learned in parrot fashion! Comic operas suffer most—the producer, because he wants some kind of reaction to the humour of the piece, is tempted to put in visual gags to get the audience rolling in the aisles, because the verbal jokes in a foreign language just fall on stony ground. This happens year after year at Glyndebourne in Mozart and Rossini, while the handful of people who recognise one funny word laugh self-consciously. As Wexford is under the Glyndebourne umbrella, at least artistitcally, it obviously happens at Wexford as well.

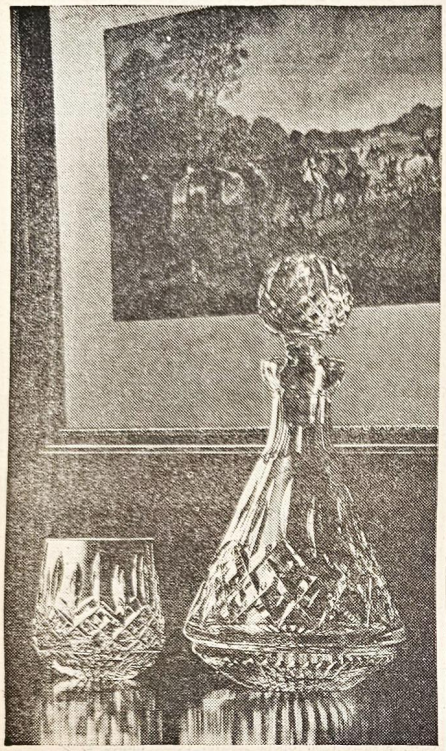
Looking back at what I wrote after my Wexford visit in 1968, I see that I expressed regret that I had waited so long for my first taste of Wexford, for I felt that from what all my friends told me the Wexford of the 1950s was far more homely and unfashionable. I had the impression that the "new-look" Wexford was very much in danger of becoming a miniature Glyndebourne. "That," I added, "may be a good or a bad thing; but when I cross the Irish Sea to hear opera, I do not expect to find that most of the music staff, the chorus-master, the lighting director, one of the stage managers, the 'perruquière' and a quarter of the chorus are all from Glyndebourne. (This, of course, might not be true in 1971, or the proportions might have changed). Wexford's artistic director is, of course, Brian Dickie, who is also the opera manager of Glyndebourne's Festival Opera and the administrator of Glyndebourne Touring Opera. It must be very nice (and economical) that the Wexford Festival can borrow shoes, properties and wigs from Glyndebourne; but if that means that the locals are being crowded out of the auditorium by the fashionable socialities with their maddeningly loud upper-class voices cutting through the crowded foyer, then I'm dead against it. This is *not* inverted snobbery or anything else; I just hate to see what, according to all accounts, was a nice, cosy, homely Irish opera festival being turned into an imitation of something else. I am sure to be told that this kind of audience brings money to the box office and business to the hotels—and so long as Mr. Dickie and his Glyndebourne colleagues produce the goods, that's all that matters. I'm not so sure.

Of course, I know this is very unfashionable and even a minority point of view and one that is not shared by most of my critical colleagues. William Mann, music critic of the London *Times* and a member of the editorial board of my own magazine, *Opera*, indeed writes in this month's Festival Issue of the magazine: "My own favourite festival is Wexford. The town is small, as is the opera house." (That, straight away, means that it is very select and catering for a small public). "The operatic repertory is wide," continues Mr. Mann, "French, German, Italian. The casts young but superbly professional; you fall for the principal singers two or three years before they all become international stars. The productions are tasteful and immaculate. It's small-scale but totally delectable. The pace is small enough to surround you with new friends all the time, if you are sociable. Food, drink and gossip are everywhere on tap at all times. Salzburg in the early 1920s must have been like this. It is how an opera festival should be."

But my friend, Mr. Mann, has got it wrong! Salzburg in the early 1920s was **not** fashionable or expensive. It had conductors like Bruno Walter and Clemens Krauss, producers like Reinhardt and Lothar Wallerstein, and artists like Elisabeth Schumann, Lotte Lehmann and Richard Mayr—all already famous! And, most important of all, Salzburg had a *raison d'être* for its festival—it was the birthplace of one of the greatest of composers, Mozart.

What is the purpose behind Wexford's annual operatic festival? To be sure, the list of operas produced there since it was launched in 1951 with Balfe's *The Rose of Castille*, includes such rarities as *Anna Bolena, I Due Foscari, Aroldo, The Siege of Rochelle*, Rossini's *Otello, La Jolie Fille du Perth, L'Infedelta delusa*, and others. Some of these works, it is true, require a far larger stage and orchestral resources than Wexford's little Theatre Royal can provide and many of them have introduced to the small select public some interesting new artists. But I fail to discern any real shape or artistic purpose in the way the festival is planned. But then, perhaps that is the peculiar charm of Wexford, which appeals to so many of its regular visitors and which I find so baffling!

**Harold Rosenthal is Editor of "Opera."**



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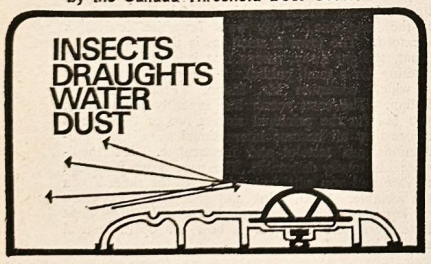


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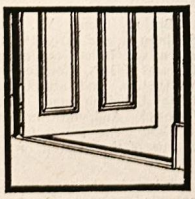

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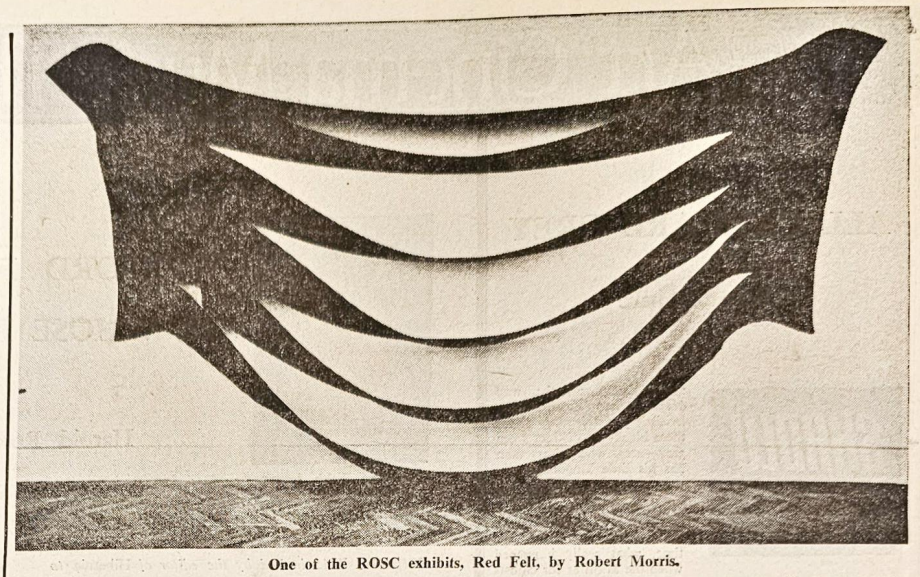


One of the ROSC exhibits, Red Felt, by Robert Morris.

# THE ART OLYMPICS

ART
Dorothy Walker

THE unprecedented art festival that is Rosc '71 has already started with the Yeat's Century retrospective at the National Gallery although the National Gallery understandably emphasises that this is very much its own show which would have taken place anyway, Rosc notwithstanding.

Rosc proper starts with "Irish Delft" at Castletown House which will probably be the prettiest and one of the most popular of all the exhibitions. The blue and white eighteenth century dishes, vases, plates, etc., will be shown in the Dining Room of Castletown, and I think will be a general revelation. This is the first time that the comparatively rare Irish Delft has ever been assembled. The catalogue will be a major record of the subject, together with the long illustrated article on the exhibition by Michael Archer, Keeper of Ceramics at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in the current issue of the *Connoisseur*!

The next exhibition to open is the "Irish Imagination 1959-71" at the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art, Dublin, open to the public from Saturday, October 23rd. This is the important presentation of Irish Art to balance the non-inclusion of Irish artists, in Rosc '71, and is intended to give them a better showing than if one or two were selected for Rosc. The exhibition has been devised by Brian O'Doherty, distinguished artist and critic, editor of *Art in America* and director of the Visual Art Program of the National Endowment for the Arts, the American equivalent of the Arts Council. Besides the main exhibition, he has included four sub-exhibitions, the Literary Influence and the Visual Response, the Native Heritage, the Puritan Nude, and the reconstruction of W. B. Yeat's poem—"The Municipal Gallery Revisited," the latter making the point that this is the only gallery in the world to have had a poem written about it by a famous poet. The Gallery itself has been transformed with the enthusiastic co-operation of the curator, Ethna Weldon, by removing the mahogany dado which was making it increasingly difficult to hang large modern works. Brian O'Doherty's introduction to the catalogue is a major assessment of post-war Irish Art.

The exhibition of "Irish Silver" at Trinity College is also a first: the first time that the most important examples of superb Irish Silver from the eighteenth century have been shown together. It would have been an even more interesting exhibition but for the refusal of the National Museum to lend strategic items from its collection. It has also refused to lend important pieces to the Delftware in Castletown although the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum have loaned precious glass, silver and delft. Private collectors, like the Marquis of Bute, has also been extraordinarily generous in lending unique pieces of glass for Limerick which opens on October 27th.

The Main Rosc '71 exhibition itself is open to the public from October 25th. The fifty artists are an entirely different selection from those of 1967 and 38 of them have never been shown in Ireland before. A major innovation is the introduction of sculpture: there is a widely divergent selection of sculpture from such interesting figures as Calder, Robert Morris, Donald Judd, Jean Tinguely, Nikki de St. Phalle, César, Aeppli, Pol Bury, Jagoda Buic, Louise Nevelson, Oldenburg and Samaras.

In particular, there will be the opportunity to see the five superb Rothko's. As far as I am aware there has been only one Rothko ever shown in Ireland, at the Johnson Collection in 1962. Other famous artists who have died in the four years since Rosc' 67 and who will be shown this year are the surrealist René Magritte, and the two young Italian artists Domenico Gnoli and Pascali. Another loss in the same period was the delightful painter/sage Barnett Newman whose visit to Dublin was one of the most rewarding aspects of Rosc '67.

The ancient section of Rosc '71 is devoted to Art of the Viking Age, again loaned with marvellous generosity by the principal National Museums of Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Iceland, with several items coming from England. Increasing insurance and transport costs on priceless art of this nature makes this kind of exhibition all the rarer. An exciting confrontation of this art with the art of the last four years will be directly possible this year, unlike 1967 when the National Museum refused to allow its collection of Celtic Art to be transported to Ballsbridge. It will also be fascinating to see the connections with our own Irish Art of the same period. (A Photomontage of the Viking art in Ireland will be displayed in the restaurant in the R.D.S.)

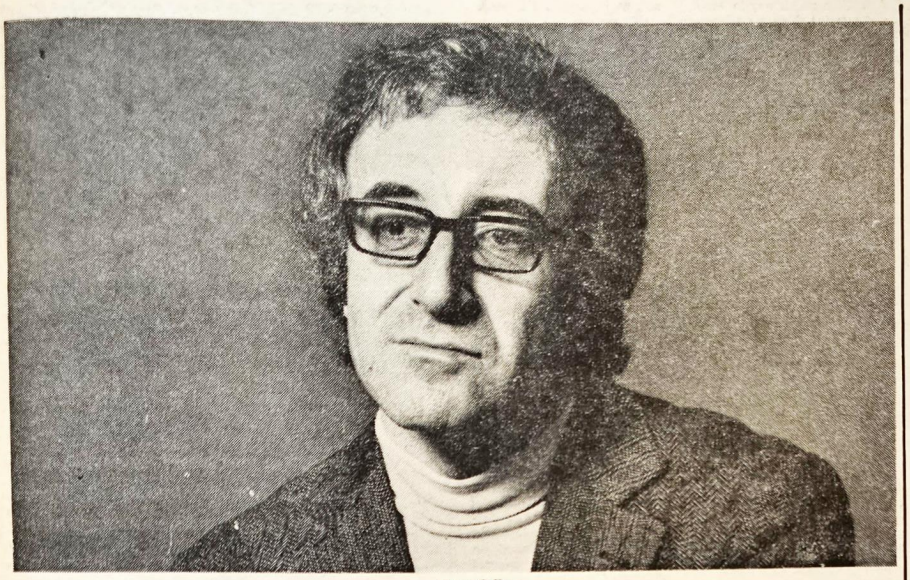
At Ballintubber Abbey, the young scholar Roger Stalley mounted a photographic exhibition of Irish Gothic architecture and sculpture, and his catalogue has been published as a book by Gill and Macmillan. This will be opened by a Concelebrated Mass in the Abbey on October 26th, and will be followed by the opening in Galway the same evening of "Young Irish Artists", an exhibition of the most avant-garde young artists at the Kenny Art Gallery which will be augmented by an inflated airhouse to take the very big paintings by the younger artists.

The other Rosc exhebition in the west will be in Sligo in the County Library and Museum from October 29th. This is "Jack B. Yeats and his Family" comprising works by the famous painter, by his father John Butler Yeats, some rare sketches by his brother W. B. Yeats, and paintings by W .B. Yeats's daughter, Anne Yeats, a prominent member of the Living Art Committee for many years. The catalogue for this exhibition has been a gigantic tour-de-force; involving over four hundred items, it in fact embraces the complete Yeats collection of the Sligo County Museum, and this is the first time that the collection has been catalogued.

In the south, "Irish Glass and Tapestry" will be in Limerick, in the City Art Gallery, again bringing together for the first time all the important pieces of Irish Glass of the eighteenth century. While everyone knows the *name* Waterford Glass, I think very many people will be astonished by the diversity and beauty of the actual original product. Again is it an exhibition which probably will never be repeated, owing to the high risk from the fragility of the exhibits.

"Irish Art of the Nineteenth Century" has been selected by Fr. Cyril Barrett, S.J., the distinguished Irish art critic who enjoys an international reputation. The exhibition will include furniture, toys, jewellery and other objects as well as paintings and sculpture, and will be held in the Crawford Municipal School of Art. It is open to the public from November 1st, as is the final exhibition associated with Rosc '71—"Graphics and Multiples by the artists of Rosc '67 and '71—at the Bishop Foy School, Waterford. This will be a very lively, colourful exhibition of prints, lithographs, silk-screen serigraphs, and multiples as varied as Le Parc's kinetics and Oldenburg's London Knees. I believe it is planned to have a selection from many of the editions for sale.

The catalogues for all the exhibitions have been designed to a similar format, so that they read together as a set. While in common with catalogues now all over the world, they are fairly expensive, they are all scholarly, well illustrated works, making a major contribution to the body of scholarship on their subjects, and can be kept as family books. For those not wishing to purchase them, the catalogues at all the exhibitions will be available for hire on payment of a deposit.



Peter Sellers.

# WILL THE REAL PETER SELLERS

# STAND UP PLEASE?

A GRAPH of the film career of Peter Sellers would resemble a switchback in its fluctuations. In little over ten years he progressed from Goon to international star, with a worldwide following after the release of his two Hollywood films, "The Party" and "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas". For those prescient enough to spot the emerging talent of Sellers in that small part he had in "The Ladykillers" in 1955 his elevation to stardom should be satisfying indeed. And yet, it would appear from his more recent films that all is not well with Sellers's career, inasmuch as these films tended to reveal not so much his unique ability as his limitations.

In the early Sixties it seemed that there were no bounds to his multifaceted talent, nothing that he could not do with inimitable precision, in radio, recordings, films. This was the period of those fantastically varied character creations — the proletarian Hitler of the shopfloor in "I'm All Right, Jack" with his slipped jargon derived from socialist pamphlets, the silk-tongued Indian doctor in "The Millionaires", the randy old general of "Waltz of the Toreadors", the frightening, surrealistic Quilty in "Lolita", the equally frightening monster, Dr. Strangelove, the dilapidated doctor hipdeep in cats in "The Wrong Box".

But mixed in with these superlative appearances there were some strange lapses and failures. Some of these were not his own fault: for example he played a sadistic crook, extremely well, in "Never Let Go" but found that audiences were not prepared to accept a serious Peter Sellers at that stage of his career. He tried farce in a carry-on style in "Up the Creek", only to reveal that he had no real gift for this kind of farce. His endearing, bumbling, maladroit Inspector Clouseau in "The Pink Panther" was tremendously funny but the same character failed to sell in "A Shot in the Dark."

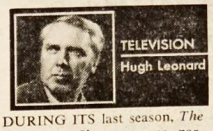
What are we to surmise from these contradictory returns? My own opinion is that Sellers is best when he is peripheral to the film, decorating the fringes as it were. When asked to carry the film as a whole by being the central character, as in "A Shot in the Dark" or "Hoffman", Sellers is far from happy. He is a great character actor with the gift of immersing himself totally in a role rather than of projecting different permutations of his own personality. In a television profile of Sellers on B.B.C. 1 last year director Tony Palmer found it extremely difficult to capture the essential Sellers. Spike Milligan has compared the job of probing the Sellers personality to digging for gold in a mine where there isn't any gold at all. Sellers himself confessed to Palmer: "If you ask me to play myself I will not know how to do it. I do not know who or what I am, so how can I help you? I know that I'm not the real Peter Sellers. I'm just a plastic mock-up".

Milligan confirmed that Sellers finds himself both uninteresting and boring, so much so that he is reluctant to expose anything of himself to anyone. Meantime Sellers keeps busy with escaping from himself and finding refuge in another personality, because this is the only safe form of communication left to him, his only anchor for survival. "As long as I'm inhabiting some other person," says Sellers, "I have a freedom that I don't have as myself." And it is this reluctance to project his own self that prevents Sellers from being a great star. Sellers' dilemma is that of a singular creative talent caught up in the collective art of the cinema which tries to force him into the straitjacket of a star's personality. Instead, Sellers is a creator of characters, the best of which are comic though he is not in himself a funny man. This submergence of the Sellers essence in a role has been described by Spike Milligan. Milligan did a season with him during which Sellers would come on every night as a different character. One night he would be a German hunchback with mange, the next night he would come on as a queer. And as Milligan looked into Seller's eyes he realised that it wasn't Sellers at all, it really was a queer.

Sellers's new film, **There's a Girl in My Soup** (Adelphi 2) sees him clobbered with the same kind of miscasting as in "Hoffman." Sellers is cast as the debonair ladykiller and TV personality, Robert Danvers, who pursues pretty young girls with a single-minded dedication until he meets his match in the innocently depraved American girl, Marion (played by Goldie Hawn). On the stage Terence Frisby's trifling romantic comedy was a paper-thin concoction carried to great success at the box office by superlative casting and adroit direction. It needs a leading player with a light touch for inconsequential comedy, such as Donald Sinden, who originated the role on stage.

Not being a dashing romantic lead of this kind, Sellers is forced to fall back on giving a parody of the type, playing it like a hang-dog comedian with a pasted-on smirk to suggest charm. This is a performance out of context in this particular story and throws the film off balance. Goldie Hawn turns in her now standard performance of angelic provocativeness, but even she cannot save the film from mediocrity. So, once again, Sellers finds himself entangled in a leading role that forces him unhappily to try making bricks without straw.

# TALKING HEADS




DURING ITS last season, *The Late Late Show* on one particular Saturday reduced me to a state of such gibbering fury that I wrote to Gay Byrne suggesting that he mount a new production of *Huis Clos*—Sartre's blueprint for a do-it-yourself Hell—starring Joseph Foyle, Ulick O'Connor and Mary Kenny. It is a measure of Mr. Byrne's cunning that he knows the irritation-value of guests whose basic appeal is to the clod-in-the-street, and whose effect upon persons of sensibility is approximately akin to that of a harlot winking at Jack the Ripper. *The Late Late Show* is not only the best programme emanating from R.T.E.: it is also by far the best chat show in these islands. It is a treat to watch Mr. Byrne in action. He controls the mob with the same aplomb as that with which he permits his guests to hoist themselves with their own *canards*, allowing the Ted Bonners of this world to go their way, the while blissfully convinced that they are the proletariats' answer to Peter Ustinov.

What is especially commendable is that the show evolves. The day is now distant when a boor, a prig and an ice-maiden sat on a kind of kangaroo-tribunal and savaged the guests: the have-nots in revenging themselves on the haves. Now at least Mr. Byrne has the humane good sense to throw his guests to the lions in the studio audience instead of to the Christians. An example of this was during last season's Women's Lib uproar, when Garret FitzGerald came into the studio to stick up for the ladies, and, for his pains, was torn asunder by an hysterical mob of slavering Chrissies, headed by a murky-looking woman journalist, who would have given Mme. Defarge a run for her *centimes*. It was enough to make Germaine Greer take up wearing a bra again, and a padded one at that.

This season's innovation is to allow someone eight minutes to unfold his personal plan for building a better mousetrap, righting the oppressor's wrongs or finding a Gárda when it's raining. The idea is good, and one hopes that 18-carat headcases will not be debarred. But this is one instance in which the budding da Vinci or Maynard Keynes should be rehearsed beforehand. Last week's amiable reformer of our rates system exhausted the audience, himself and his subject, in that order. In fact, the first two programmes have been unwontedly tame. The second of these never quite recovered from the appearance of Richard Condon, a likeable, voluble man, who, however, seemed incapable of answering a direct question directly. I would swear that if you were to ask Mr. Condon what day it was, he would regale you with the origins of the Gregorian calendar, come galloping forward in time as far as the 1920s, then make a mighty leap into 1984, inform you that Good Friday in that year would fall on a Monday, and leave you to work out the answer from that.

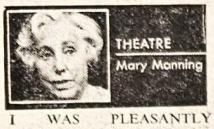
But I have faith—not only in the admirable Mr. Byrne—but in the other assets of *The Late Late*: Adrian Cronin, the researchers, and a first-rate camera crew. Only in the field of studio-lighting is the show weak, but this is a general R.T.E. defect, which may be due to lack of expertise, the use of backings which are not light-absorbent, or a combination of both. Of this, more another time—particularly with regard to R.T.E. drama, where good lighting matters most.

We, the Irish, suffer from an inferiority complex so acute that we frequently need to remind ourselves of our own existence, and the latest exercise to this end is entitled, appropriately enough, *We, the Irish*. Owen Dudley Edwards' survey of the Church rampant erred in that it too often substituted words for vision, causing Mr. Edwards to lecture us for minutes on end in a fine "fur-hur" accent and waving his hands like the late Zasu Pitts. But at least the programme had a backbone. One had expected that the clergy would be accorded the same tactful reverence as Edmund Hillary might bestow on Macgillycuddy's Reeks in the presence of Kerrymen; instead, Mr. Edwards hit out as hard as he dared, swiping his way vigorously from Swift onwards. Regrettably, he plunged into a thicket of generalisations when he reached the McQuaid era, but no one can call a man a coward for declining to commit suicide.

To illustrate Mr. Edwards' premise there were dramatised extracts from *A Voyage to Brobdingnag* and *A Portrait of the Artist* (and where have I seen that Christmas-dinner scene before, and with the same actors?), both wretchedly done, and a very fine few moments from Eoin Ó Suilleabhain as Father Costello of Killala. As a history lesson, it was good stuff—one man's not-too-jaundiced view. But one yearned for a more penetrating analysis of the Church in 1971 than film clips of the Faithful shambling out of assorted places of worship to the accompaniment of our commentator telling us that we pursue our religion not because of, but in spite of, our clergy. Strong words, perhaps, given the omnipresence of what O'Casey called the Face at the Window and the Voice in the Air; but the function of television is to show, rather than merely to tell. One longed to hear the voices and see the faces of churchgoers, of clerics, and of the lapsed, relapsed, prolapsed and collapsed. *We, the Irish* is in the format of a series of illustrated lectures, by their nature mainly historical. But must we suffer still more proof that as a nation we are all past and no present? Which is not to deny that Mr. Edwards and his producer, Niall McCarthy, are not lacking in guts; in fact, many people may be desirous of spilling a few of them . . . always a healthy sign. No doubt this programme will provoke Father Tom Stack into executing another of his celebrated clog-dances on *Outlook*: always an endearing spectacle—so who am I to carp?

I could conclude by telling you all about *The Sean Dunphy Show*, but there's enough bad news in the world.

# DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES

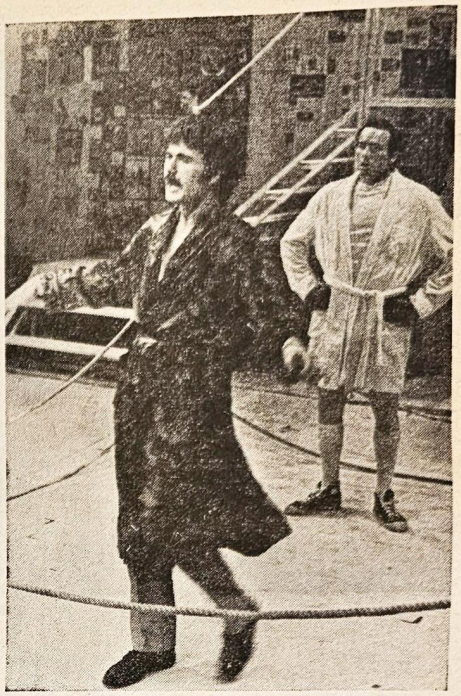



I WAS PLEASANTLY surprised by the production of Fairy Tales of New York, J. P. Donleavy's bill of one actors at the Peacock. It received on the whole such a poor press I dragged myself there on leaden feet expecting a mini-Gingerman. To begin with there was an enlivening atmosphere of youth about the proceedings, a feeling of gaiety and freshness which I must say I am now beginning to associate with most of the Peacock's productions. If only they would choose better scripts, but that is another story. Fairy Tales is slight and calls for American actors to pull it through but it has heart and wit and flashes of poetry. Yes, it seems a heart beats behind that male chauvinism, that gingerman facade, that best-seller's rib cage. Somewhere along the line since Gingerman Mr. D. must have had, metaphorically speaking, open heart surgery. The opening play, "Helen", shows us a young man bringing back to New York the body of his dead bride Helen. He is met by the usual customs officials, stevedores and an undertaker. Surrounded by these noisy characters he goes through agonies of remorse and grief beside the coffin. He is still in shock and moves through the horrors as if in a dream. The play *is* like a sorrowful dream; it is beautifully written and is the high spot of the evening. The second play "Interview", called for adult American actors who could handle the patois and the antics of Big Business Men. Without this support it became an unmitigated noisy bore. "The Knockout", third on the list, has a very funny idea. An admiral, Southern reactionary type, pompous and blood thirsty and given to pinching manicurists is keeping physically fit by boxing in one of those clubs which used to be known as the "Bucket of Blood". His hired sparring partner is of course instructed to let the admiral come out on top and fake a knockout. Ironically the knockout is no fake. The young man is left sprawling on the floor, out for the count, while the admiral, much refreshed, goes off to play tidlywinks with the manicurist. "The Peach Shoes", the fourth and last play, is both funny and pathetic. A young man arrives at a fancy restaurant uptown in Manhattan with his girl friend all geared for an expensive evening. He is appalingly overdressed and his peach coloured shoes give him great uneasiness. What with the haughtiness of the waiters, his own feeling of inferiority and the goddam shoes, he goes off in a rage leaving his girl friend alone in despair at their table. Even the waiter's hearts are touched by the forlorn situation in which this innocent Cinderella finds herself. Happily the boy friend returns, looking just like the Aga Khan on his way to Ascot, and wearing this time diamond sandals and, as in all fairy tales, they live happily ever afterwards.

The plays were very well and sympathetically directed by Joe Dowling. I wish however he would exert more control over his actors, though I suppose nothing short of a ferocious circus master with a whip could now restrain Des Cave from over acting, grimacing and flirting with the audience. The sad thing is he can be so good when he disciplines himself; He had some excellent moments with the admiral. Unfortunately Bryan Murray caught the infection and almost knocked himself out — and I may say the audience suffered with him. Comic acting does not consist of shouting your lines, jumping, around when jumping is not not required and chewing cigars. Nuala Hayes and John Kavanagh walked off with the acting honours. Miss Hayes has a gentle wistful personality on stage, a romantic face and speaks beautifully. She managed to suggest the American accent rather than give us the full phoney barrage with which the other actors blasted us. Her Charlotte Graves was touching and sweet, but her Gertrude Gentle needed more of Marylyn Munroe. That sort of manicurist does not belong with Dr. Kildare, which her costume quite wrongly suggested, she's right in there with the bunnies; her manicuring only begins with the nails. John Kavanagh is a young actor who must be taken very seriously. On his performance in the first play "Helen", I would say, with the possible exception of Boscoe Hogan, he is the most important young actor in the Abbey company and I only pray they are not snatched by London or the films, for they need a few more years repertory work here. I watch their progress with excitement and interest.

For the first time I must criticise Bronwen Cassin's set. The POP decorations of the surrounding walls were too instrusive; they took away from the action onstage. A few sepia blowups of Manhattan would have been enough. The props, the lighting and the music were perfect. The businessmen's clothes were too Carnaby street: Wall street and Forty Second is ultra conservative. There was a meagre audience. Too bad. It was a pleasant evening, I may say far more entertaining than the goings on upstairs and it is always uplifting to see the Young enjoying their work and communicating this enjoyment to the battered old things in the audience.

Roland Jaquerello's production of Mrozek's "Police" in the Players' Theatre of Trinity College was strangely disappointing. The play is a little masterpiece of irony and the author is a master of irony, a talent or rather a weapon, not always understood or appreciated by the Anglo-Saxon race. "Police" is based on Mrozek's own experiences under the Communist regime in Poland; he is now a political exile in Paris. To begin with Acts One and Two should be played as one, with a short blackout to allow simple moving of furniture and props. The play does not demand a realistic setting, and two fifteen minutes intervals for a play which runs little over an hour is excessive and breaks the mood unnecessarily. Also the ultra farcical make-up of the characters was odd. Why the most bizarre collection of moustachios ever seen outside a circus? Alan Devlin as the sergeant managed to be very funny, in spite of a curtain of false hair which not only obscured his comic face, but also impeded his speech. I cannot understand why the director made his actors speak in the lower depths accents of Abbey Theatre kitchen comedy. Surely the Chief of Police should have used a cultivated speech, in contrast to the sergeant. The Chief should have been played as ramrod with an eyeglass, which is what the author intended. The General (Tom Irwin) came off better; he emanated some deadpan dignity. Surely the whole style and concept of this play is European liberalism; it breaths the spirit of Volataire or Heine. It calls for grace, for a sly attack with poniards, rather than sledge hammers. None of the characters, even the talented Frank Kelly, seemed to understand what they were saying, or, indeed, have the slightest faith in what they were saying. It was gabble to a finish.



**Bryan Murray and John Kavanagh in a scene from J. P. Donleavy's Fairy Tales of New York, directed by Joe Dowling (Peacock Theatre).**

# NOTES ON THE GINGERMAN

## Alan Simpson

MANY PEOPLE regarded the novel "The Ginger Man" as a fantasy. This is not the case. It is as realistic a "slice of life" as Borstal Boy. It is an extremely accurate portrayal of a group of people living on the south side of Dublin, cira 1949.

The real "Ginger Man" was an American ex-serviceman of extraordinary charm. He endeared himself to many Irish people of both sexes, despite his outrageous conduct on many occasions.

"Miss Frost" was a Limerick girl of impeccably respectable Catholic background. In some ways she reminded one of the self-portraits in Edna O'Brien's first novels. The book and play varies here and there from the actual happenings of the times. These variations were made by the author in order to tidy up situations in the interests of literary or dramatic form. However, we are never allowed to stray from the spirit of the events as they really happened. Nonetheless, it might be useful to examine some of these variations.

"Miss Frost" in the event did not remain in Dublin, as she does at the end of the play. She followed "Dangerfield" to London, where she worked to save enough money for the pair of them to move to Spain. When half the money had been saved Dangerfield took it and went to Madrid, leaving "Miss Frost" in London to earn her own fare. When she did arrive in the Spanish capital she found her lover installed with another lady (an American, I think), whom he had picked up on the southbound train.

"Miss Frost" was not long in getting rid of her rival. She remained faithfully ministering to "Dangerfield's" needs until his untimely death from T.B. and general debilitation in the mid-sixties.

We are all sinners. By orthodox standards, "Dangerfield" was an arch sinner. Surely there must be some revelation of the mysteries of God's purpose in the devotion showed by the real and fictional "Miss Frost" to one who had not even the dignity of an anti-Christ. I believe that the actress Patricia Martin succeeds in portraying the inner motivation of this devotion to our Eblana production.

With his wife, Marion, the author has taken more factual liberties with the real character's background. This is with the purpose of simplifying the background for non-Irish readers. In fact, "Marion" was the daughter of an anglophile Northern Ireland clergyman, who, if I recollect correctly, met her husband while she was serving with the "Wrens."

(For the benefit of younger Irish readers, I should explain that the Women's Royal Naval Service was the most snobbish of the wartime British Forces for females.)

"Marion's" intense anti-Catholicism is a little off the mark for the upper-class English girl of the novel and play. The character is more understandable if one knows about the Ulster Protestant background of the author's model.

May I digress at this stage to point out that these little anomolies of Irish life do make difficulties for literary critics and theatre directors. Either incomprehensible or unimportant to foreigners, the social, religious and political nuanances of our community loom large in the eyes of Irish readers and audiences. They frequently cause irritation to Irish cinemagoers watching foreign-made films with an Irish background. They often have their origin in the personal slant of their authors. For instance, O'Casey's later plays are rarely performed in Dublin. He was, unconsciously perhaps, motivated more by the anti-Catholicism of his father's background than by his own professed atheist Marxism. His father, it is sometimes forgotten, was employed by a highly bigotted organisation specifically dedicated to the proselytisation of Irish Catholics. It is a little easier to understand and allow for the inward-looking anti-Catholicism of Joyce, which arose from an over-zealous Jesuit education. Behan's fairminder swipes at the lunatic fringes of both Orange and Green are clearly stated and with good humour. They are the easiest for both native and foreign actors and directors to interpret.

To return to Donleavy and "The Ginger Man." I did not know the model for the character of "O'Keefe." I believe the author took the external characteristics of an expatriate American friend and welded to them some his own ideas and feelings which were inspired by the narrow Catholicism of the Boston Irish.

In some ways it was fortunate for me that I was not able to direct the play when it was first submitted to the Pike in 1957. Time has blurred the edges of recollected people and events and allowed me to stand back and think professionally. Various theatrical episodes in the fifties, though sinister seeming at the time, had their origins in misunderstandings magnified by the news media. The fiasco of the abortive Gaiety production, with Richard Harris, suffered from the hysteria then prevailing in audiences and theatre people generally.

Although I didn't see his performance, I think perhaps that Harris, whom I know and whose work I have frequently admired, was miscast as Dangerfield. Harris himself stated publicly that working on the role was instrumental in the break-up of his marriage. This may well be so. I can well appreciate that he may have devoted too much of his powerful stage personality to depicting the more revolting aspects of the character. In my recollection the real "Ginger Man" inspired a lot of affection and delight in his friends and acquaintances. Despite the short time available to us for the current Eblana production, Eamon Morrissy has succeeded in a rounder and more plausible version of the original than would have been possible for Harris.

One of the fascinations of the role is its relationship to the make-up of many Irishmen. If we are honest with ourselves, we must admit to a touch of the Dangerfields. The "Ginger Man" was from Ohio and with no Irish blood. However, both his wife and himself refer to the baneful influence that Irish life has had on his behaviour. I can clearly recollect an incident in McDaids when the real "Ginger Man" was knowingly screened off from the real "Marion" by a group of Irish male drinking friends when she had come after him to seek the housekeeping money. They formed a human barrier, which allowed him to escape by the back door unseen.

"The Ginger Man," therefore, is a "man's play," and an *Irish man's* play at that. I was grateful for the flattering things your reviewer, Miss Mary Manning, had to say about the Eblana production and acting. I hope she will not take it amiss if I say that I was amused at her intense dislike of the characters and her denial of the validity of the situations.

Dublin has changed a lot in twenty-odd years. The younger generation is more honest in its behaviour, even if that behaviour may alarm its elders. I noticed an amused involvement with the play on the part of the younger members of the audience when I returned to take notes a week after the opening. "The Ginger Man" may be a period piece, but it seems to be Current Affairs to younger Dublin. Times change for better and for worse, but I would much rather see our youth involved in "The Ginger Man" than in "The Dark."

**Alan Simpson is producer of J. P. Donleavy's The Ginger Man, now running at the Eblana.**

# CONSCIENCE, COWARDS COMPOSERS

MUSIC
Fanny Feehan

A POLISH conductor who was here last year with the RTESO in the Gaiety named Josef Wilkomirska, was so affected by what he saw on his television screen recently of the monstrous happenings in Northern Ireland that he was sufficiently moved to write a piece of music commemorating the events. Not being au fait with the political set-up here he wrote to a friend in R.T.E. asking if he could have some advice about the title because he did not know whether to call the work I.R.A. or Sinn Fein. The dilemma in Henry Street was considerable in view of Article 31, nevertheless, a suitable reply was sent. I do not know what the burden of it was but I look forward to Wilkomirskas next visit to the Gaiety when no doubt he will want to have his "tune" performed by the RTESO.

Hans Werner Henze is another composer who has on occasion been moved to equate social events with music. He has gone so far as to say in an interview that music is the seismograph of life. Not so long ago he suffered a similar experience to St. Paul on the way to Damascus except that it was Socialism and not Christianity which hit him between the frontal lobes. His most recent work to be recorded by Deutsche Grammophon is El Cimarron and it is an electrifying score. Estaban Montejo is a runaway slave whose life story is told in four sections with baritone voice (William Pearson) acting as narrator, and a background of guitar, flute and percussion to assist.

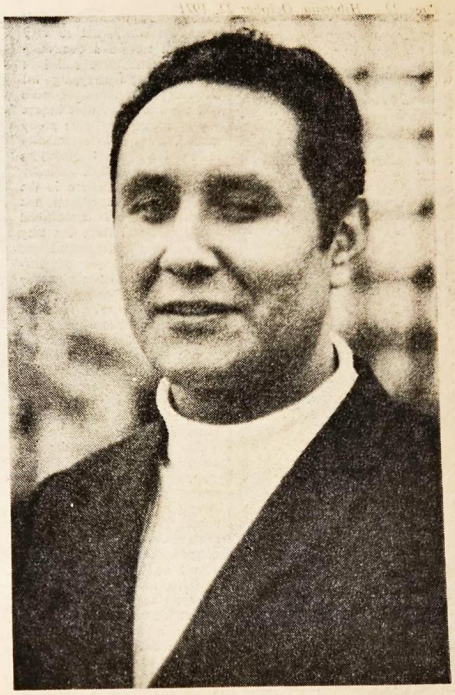
I do not fully subscribe to Thomas Mann's theses that art is created out of hang-ups, disease or complexes, but I would go half-way to meet him and say that the artist must be cognisant of what is going on around him, and no more than the writer the composer cannot work in a vacuum. In the *Raft of the Medusa* Henze showed that he felt keenly the pangs and injustices of his fellow men. In *El Cimarron* he carries us farther on the road of compassion and he does so by fairly conventional means. It is a work of compelling and tortuous difficulty but one which engages the imagination and sweeps and listener along on a tide of terror.

The human voice is as adaptable as it is in Messiaen. Pearson runs the gamut of falsetto, counter-tenor, and baritone with now and again pathetic animal squeals and a breathlessness which induces a feeling of panic in the listener. When I heard the *Raft of the Medusa* I thought it the most important record of 1970 now I feel exactly the same way about *El Cimarron*. The impact is total, and one is more than ever convinced that Henze is the best and most original mind writing in Europe today outside Messiaen.

Oddly and appropriately enough I was reminded over and over again while listening to *El Cimarron* of Claddagh's recording of the *Battle of Aughrim* and O Riada's background of flute, bodhran and side drums. He had an unerring ear for suiting the word to the sound thereby putting the listener immediately in the picture. The stark and miserable landscape of Aughrim was recreated and even though Aughrim's slopes are a far cry from the Cuban forest a destitute human is the same anywhere and there will always be someone on hand to exploit his helplessness whether it is cute cleric or conniving politician. O Riada is no longer with us, and it was a fruitless task to watch RTE in the hope that they might produce a fitting memorial programme in his memory. Had it not been for Danish Television I really don't know how they would have got through Omás do O Riada on the 11th October. One can only gasp at the splendid foresight which they showed in scrubbing off the video tapes with O Riada on them. Nobody ever dies in his forties as far as RTE is concerned. This assinine behaviour makes one despair of the national television network but of all people Sean himself would have enjoyed the wrong-footing of the planners.

The text for *El Cimarron* is taken from a work by Miguel Barnet, it was translated by Hans Magnus Enzensberger and may be obtained in a Penguin paperback. Henze has ensured that no experience of the slave goes unnoticed whether it is an awareness of mysterious spirits or gigantic trees whose roots trip up the runner or a song about Cuban women or a flat-toned recital of Ave Maria to depict a plantation clergyman. The composer creates a subtle and teeming world of fear and suspicion coupled with derision. He lays his hand on every possible device whether it is a sugary Habanera to signify a planter or a flutter of exotic birds through the trees screeching and shrivelling the soul and always creating a visual-aural excitement which makes one long to see this work performed.

Deutsche Grammophon have equalled the composer in brilliance and the record is a triumph of engineering. Buy it. **EL CIMARRON. DG 2707050.**



**Eduarde Velasco who sings at the Wexford Festival this week.**

## NEWS IN THE ARTS
Terry Kelleher

CONGRATULATIONS and best wishes to **Lelia Doolan** in her new job and commiserations to **Charles McCarthy** for his failure to change the make-up of the Abbey Board. As I pointed out in the last issue Charles McCarthy's attempt to unseat **Gabriel Fallon** was doomed to failure. With only fourteen shareholders out of a possible twenty-three turning up, he couldn't have hoped to muster more than 420 votes, if his candidature was backed by all the shareholders. Still it was a brave try and does prevent the Board from becoming too complacent. Perhaps he will have better luck next year, when it is the turn of **Earnan de Blaghd,** who has served for thirty years or more, to seek re-election. Incidentally the two new shareholders to replace the late **Mairead ni Ghrada** and **Ria Mooney** who has recently retired, are **Siobhan McKenna** and **Tom Murphy** the playwright. Both good choices, but it does reduce the already small female representation on the shareholders panel by one. Still, we do have Leila.

IT SEEMS INCONCEIVABLE that an institution such as a National College of Art lacks a library, but sadly that is the case of that wretched place in Kildare street. As the students return for presumably another year of confrontation with the authorities and the Department of Education, they repeat their appeal for contributions to their own library. The Arts Council gave the good example in 1970 by donating £100, one of their most enlightened moves ever, and gave a similar sum this year. The library run by the students now consists of one room and a collection of art books, donated by institutions and private persons. If you have any books that you consider may be useful send them to the Student Library Committee, c/o The Davis Gallery, 11 Capel street, Dublin, where they will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

THE TINY Lantern Theatre, 38 Merrion square, which must boast the most varied repetoire of any of Dublin's theatres, reopens next week after extensive renovations and improvements which included a new stage and lighting system. Their new production which opens on October 27th is the Irish premiere of Zoo Zoo Widdershins Zoo, by Irish-born playwright **Kevin Laffan,** which attracted a great deal of praise when it was first staged at the National Union of Students Drama Festival in England a couple of years ago. The cast includes **Frank Melia, Noeleen McNamara, Bill Treacey, Austin Kenny, Deirdre Flanagan, Pat Cullen** and **Joe Kelly** and the production is designed by **Liam Miller** and directed by **Patrick Funge.** Booking is through Brown Thomas or from the theatre, tel. 61741 after 7.00 p.m. Laffans Two-Foot-Six-Inches was one of the most successful plays to be performed in Ireland last year, and Amalgamated Artists plan to produce his latest play "Strictly for the Birds" in the Eblana in the near future.

**THE FIRST PLAY** in the **Phylis Ryan** season at the Gate Theatre will be the romantic drama "The Barretts of Wimpole Street by **Rudolph Besier** first performed in London in 1930. A musical version of the play about the love affair between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett called "Robert and Elizabeth" was staged in London in 1964. The Gate production will be directed by **Ray McAnally** who also plays old Barrett.

THE WEXFORD FESTIVAL prides itself with discovering young talent and launching it on the world Opera scene and a favourite past time in Wexford in these days before the Festival is spotting this year's singer "most likely to succeed". Reports from the rehearsal rooms indicate that **Eduardo Velasco** who sings the tenor role of Allesandro in Mozart's **Il Re Pastore** could be just the man. Though he has been singing professionally for two years and has performed at La Scala, 27-year-old Velasco, is still relatively unknown. Born in Peru, at the age of twenty there he won the national Sinfonica Accolade, and later studied in Italy, where he was awarded the Reggio Emilia Concourse prize.

The fringe events of the Wexford Opera Festival increase every year and though many of the happenings bear no relation to Opera, they are none the worse for that; the programme of art exhibitions, films, music recitals, singing competitions and races at least generate a festival atmosphere, an element so singularily lacking in the Dublin Theatre Festival. In the Talbot Hotel, pianist **Tong Il Han** gives a Chopin recital on Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m. and a Schumann programme on Monday morning at 11.30 a.m. The film shows at the Capital Cinema include Ludwig Van Beethoven, The Life of Mozart and Lady MacBeth of Mtsensk. There are a number of exhibitions including one by **Peter Donovan, Rudolph Heltzel** and the Kilkenny Design Workshop, and **Patricia Cockburn,** who exhibited her Shell pictures in Castletown last year, has a similar show in Whites hotel. For the fashionable there is a Festival Ball, and the special Opera train on 27th October for Il Re Pastore, which leaves Pearse Street Station at 5.30 and returns at 11.45. Tickets including dinner on the way and supper on the way back cost £6.25. for the proles there is a Singing Pub competition, Wexford Races and a rubgy match between Wexford Wanderers and the Firbolgs.

FOR THOSE NOT going to Wexford, the Gaiety Theatre's centenary celebrations should offer a popular alternative. The week begins on Sunday October 24th with a "Night of Poetry", featuring among others **Peter O'Toole** and his wife **Sian Phillips, Peter Sellars, Alun Owen, Basil Payne, Ray McAnally** and **Eavan Boland.** Also listed is best-selling authoress **Mary Wilson** wife of not-so-successful author Harold. This is followed on Monday 25th with "A Night at the Opera"—not the Marx Brothers version—but a Dublin Grand Opera Society evening, presenting the Italian tenor **Lino Savoldi.** On Wednesday, it is the turn of the R & R with highlights of Gilbert and Sullivan and this is followed on Thursday with the Abbey presenting **Harold Printers** "The Lover" with **Vincent Dowling** and **Moira O'Neill** directed by **Sean Cotter** and "Gaol Gate" by **Lady Gregory** with **Kathleen Barrington, Bernadette McKenna** and **Harry Brogan,** directed by Vincent Dowling. The evening ends with a Harry Brogan one-man show of his most famous parts. **Maureen Potter** finishes the week with Gaels of Friends, produced by **Fred O'Donovan,** but the highlight must surly be the Beckett evening.

This is **Jack McGowran's** one-man show, Beginning to to End, directed by Sam Beckett himself which has been seen in the U.S. earlier this year. It will be staged on Wednesday the 27th and Friday 29th. Perhaps the Abbey or Peacock might try to give it a longer run in the near future?

Also billed to appear, though whether for the poetry, opera or dramatic evenings I cannot begin to guess, is **Sir Matt Busby,** former manager of Manchester United Football Club!

YET ANOTHER coup for **Robert O'Driscoll** of St. Michael's College, Toronto University, who earlier this year organised a Synge festival in Toronto and has introduced Smock Alley, The Hearts A Wonder, and a number of other Irish Plays to the Canadian public. He has now drawn up plans for an Irish Arts Theatre, with a seating capacity of 385, which will open late next year. A fund-raising campaign begins this winter, but already the Students' Union has pledged $30,000 for the venture, which will result in Canada's first ethnic theatre and North America's first professional Irish Theatre.

**REMINDERS:**

ELIZABETH SCHWARZKOPF returns to the R.D.S. for a German Lieder recital on Wednesday, 27th. Also at the R.D.S. **Lord Kenneth (Civilization) Clark** lectures on Blake and Visionary Art on November 5th at 8 p.m. and **Anne Queffellec** gives a piano recital Monday 8th at 8 p.m. and Tuesday 9th at 3 p.m. At the Carrolls Building Grand Parade, **Barrie Cooke** and **Camille Souter** show 100 paintings with proceeds going to the Central Remedial Clinic; the David Hendriks Gallery has a group show, which includes **Robert Ballagh, Edward Delaney, Colin Middleton** and **Cecil King** running to the end of December. The Dawson Gallery show recent paintings by **Louis Le Brocquy.** The Alliance Francaise has a lecture on Oscar Wilde, by le Reverend **Pere de Roquois,** at Kevin St. on October 26th, and a harp recital by **Chatal Mathieu,** in the Exam Hall, T.C.D., on October 30th. On Tuesday, November 2nd, at 8 p.m. in the Arts Block, U.C.D., Belfield, **Professor Paul Brockman** lectures on Bertolt Brecht and his Plays, organised by the German Cultural Institute. In the Exam Hall, T.C.D. the Italian Cultural Institute present a chamber orchestra recital with **I Solisti Aquilani** at 8 p.m. on Tuesday October 26th. An Taisce organise a tour of State Departments and the Tailors Hall, led by **Professor Kevin Nowlan,** at 3 p.m. on Sunday 31st.

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# BUYING WINES IN DUBLIN

Irwin Stewart

THE "ordinary wine buyer" is a concept which, not so very long ago, seemed a contradiction in terms. Wine still isn't on everybody's shopping list but every year there are more and more ordinary wine buyers —people who buy wine pretty much like any other commodity in relatively small quantities more or less needed.

The changing pattern in the retail wine trade reflects this trend. The old established houses are still there but they all reach out to the small buyer with special ranges of low-priced wines which are usually sound value and often serve to lead the buyer to a taste for more distinguished wines. However, the main change is in the number of small retail outlets such as off licences which have expanded and in many cases become serious specialists in wine, offering a vast range in every price category.

Few people have the resources to lay in wine in large quantities and there is no reason why wine should not simply be bought as the need arises. Two points should be remembered, however. Wine is not at its best after being transported and if you are buying anything other than *vin ordinaire* try to buy it in time to rest at least a few days or preferably a few weeks before using. Secondly, once you know a wine is to your taste it is a good idea to buy it, if possible, in quantity however modest. It solves the resting problem and makes sound sense financially as you should be able to negotiate a better price from your wine merchant.

From the practical point of view it is useful to look upon wine as falling into two broad price categories, with £1 per bottle as the dividing line. For ordinary occasions one buys at under £1 per bottle and for this price you cannot expect much more than a sound *vin ordinaire*. You can go as low as about 55p and get pleasant, very acceptable wines such as the Bulgarian **Gamza, Cabernet** and **Reisling,** the Hungarian **Puszta** or the Austrian **Hirondelle** (65p to 70p per litre bottle) These are about the best of the low-priced wines. Not many people could distinguish them from more expensive bottles when decanted and served at the right temperature.

To find a really fine wine under £1 is difficult but there are some which I shall mention later. Over the £1 mark you can expect to have something much more distinguished, particularly around the £1.50 area and if, for special occasions you are prepared to go as high as £2 then some very fine wines are within your reach. However, the ordinary buyer seldom buys in this range and once you start paying more you are no ordinary buyer and should really be going into the whole question of laying in a cellar.

The two most outstanding—and expanding—off licences are McGowan's on the south side of the city and McGuinnesses on the north side.

* * *

**McGUINNESSES OF PHIBSBORO,** just beside the shopping centre has rapidly become a very exciting wine shop. There is always something new — which may be something quite old—and you can always depend on personal and friendly service. For everyday drinking they have the Hungarian, Bulgarian and Austrian wines mentioned above at 56p, 54p and 70p per bottle respectively and a particularly good Spanish red wine, **Siglo,** at 80p, which is far removed from the cheap bottles which have given Spanish wine such a poor image. **Sauternes** and **Graves** from France are available from 56p and **Red Bordeaux** from 66p. There is a range of **Beaujolais** such as the 1969 (still holding quite well) from 64p and the 1970 of Mommessin for 95p. Also under £1 at McGuinnesses I would recommend their wide range of **Kugler** and **Dopf and Irion** Alsace wines from 75p, which is excellent value, some 1962 Clarets as cheap as 78p, **"Black Cock" Chianti** at 86p, fruity white **Frascati** at 83p, **Castelli Romani** at 87p, **Sancerre** at 90p and Cruse's **Château La Rose Figeac** 1962 at 95p.

At prices over £1 McGuinnesses has a very tempting range. Paul Jaboulet's **Hermitage** and **Crozes-Hermitage** in red and white are good value for little more than £1 and there is a fine selection of French and Domaine bottled Burgundies around the £1.50 mark, including the unusual white **Nuits St. Georges** from Belin at £1.62. For the big spender there is **Chambolle Musigny "Les Plantes"** 1961 at £3.10 and magnums of 1959 **Volnay** selling for £3.95.

The range of Clarets is also worth exploring. You don't have to buy the 1962 **Château Lafitte Rothschild,** which costs £3.80, to get a fine wine. Try **Château Brane Cantenac** 1957 at £1.87, **Château Calon Segur** 1961 at £1.87 or, in the whites, **Château Laville Haut Brion** 1960 at £1.40, **Château Climens** 1964 at £1.60 or **Château La Tour Blanche** at £1.85.

* * *

**McGOWAN'S OF BLACKROCK,** on the south side, has become a veritable wine emporium with perhaps the most impressive list of any retailer. Service is personal and friendly and you have the satisfaction of dealing with people who know their wines intimately and can talk of well-known shippers as old friends.

There is a particularly good range of reasonably priced Clarets with some château bottled selling for prices as incredibly low as 87½p. **Château Rocher Calon** 1961 is remarkably cheap at 85p and **Château Beaulieu** and **Château Clos Beauséjour,** both 1966, represent something more than *vin ordinaire* at the very ordinary prices of 75p and 85p respectively. The 1964 **Château Le Boscq** is only £1, the 1962 **Château** Beausoleil £1.12½, **Château La Croix de Pez** 1962 £1.10 and better still the 1961 **Château Citran** £1.60. Of course if you have £6.50 to spend then you can splurge on the 1962 **Château Latour.**

For ordinary drinking there is a big range of white Bordeaux wines from 54p to 70p per bottle, both dry and sweet. White Burgundies tend to be a little dearer but there is a respectable **Chablis** from Jules Belin at 90p for the 1968 vintage and a fine white Burgundy of the 1969 vintage from Jean Marie Calvet for 95p. For more distinguished occasions try the **Chassagne Montrachet** or the **Puligny Montrachet,** both 1967 both from Jules Belin and selling at £1.55 or his **Corton Charlemagne** 1962 at £2.40.

Most of the fine red Burgundies also come from the firm of Jules Belin, which in my wine calendar means reliability. Most local bottlings cost under £1 and many of the domaine bottled wines cost very little more although you can go up to £2.50 or more for something like the **Hospices de Beaune Volnay** 1964 or the 1961 **Charmes-Chambertin.** My choice of the better Burgundies would be something more reasonable like the Jaboulet-Jercheere **Pommard Clos de la Commaraine** at £1.92½.

McGowan's have one of the best displays of German wines I have seen here. All are German bottled and it would be quite difficult to go wrong with them. Prices are from 72½p and if you are prepared to go as far as about £1.50 you can even get a delicious **Spatlese** or **Auslese** such as the **Deidesheimer Herrgottsacker Riesling Spatlese** 1967, or **Hochheimer Konigin Victoria Berg Riesling Spatlese** 1967. A good ordinary German wine which can be relied upon to please most palates is the **Zeller Schwarze Katze** from the Moselle which costs 85p for the 1969 vintage.

Also on this side of Dublin some interesting buys may be made at **EAGLE HOUSE OF GLASTHULE.** They have a good selection of Deinhard German wines between £1 and £1.20 and these are always a good buy. The 1970 **Beaujolais** is a good one and costs 95p and I noticed a good 1967 Volnay at £1.05. Other wines to be recommended here include the 1969 **Muscadet** at £1, the white Spanish **Siglo** at 80p, **Pouilly Fumé** 1967 at £1.30, **Charmes-Chambertin** 1966 at £2.50 and a wide range of 1962 Clarets mostly château bottled at £2. For most buyers, however, the Geisweiler 1967 Burgundies selling for under £1 are the most useful buy.

* * *

In down-town Dublin there are two retail wine outlets of particular interest, Bartley Dunne's and the Unicorn. The **UNICORN** is, of course, one of Dublin's favourite restaurants, where diners—who tend to become habitués—learned to appreciate the fine Italian wines so much that Mr. Sidoli now sells them round the corner in his Italian Wine Shop.

The range is not large but it is carefully selected. Even the cheapest — two litre bottles of **Valpolicella** (red) or **Soave** (white) at £1.70 — is excellent and in fact so good that it must hit the sales of the more expensive bottles. Expensive is hardly the correct term as only three wines here cost more than £1. They are the well-known **Barolo** (£1.20), my own favourite **Amarone** (£1.25) which is a very full-bodied and satisfying wine, and **Recioto** which is sparkling and costs £1.40.

The Unicorn is perhaps the only place, where you can get **Lambrusco** (90p), which is a slightly sweetish red wine. **Bardolino** is the same price and **Barbera,** a hearty, sharpish wine excellent with steak or other grills, costs just 95p. For a lovely clean, fresh white wine try the **Pinot** or the **Cortese,** both for 95p.

* * *

In many ways **BARTLEY DUNNE'S** is very different from the Unicorn. Here the range, far from being limited, is wide and rambling, going as far afield as China or Greece. Mr. Dunne has a good range of *vin ordinaire* at low prices which must constitute a large proportion of his sales but one gets the impression that discerning buyers shop here for two possible reasons—either to get something unusual such as the Chinese wine **Sheung Ching** or **Mok Kwah** at £1.84, or a Swiss wine such as the red **Dolé "Les Mazots"** 1965 at £1.05 or white **Neuchatel Goutte d'Or** at 92p, or else they come to buy a conventional vintage Claret but of a vintage rare today for the Claret list is quite remarkable.

The cheapest wines worthy of note at Bartley Dunne's are the **Rioja Paternina,** which is a good Spanish wine for 54p, though not so good as the remarkable **Marques de Riscal** 1964 (red) selling at 88p, **Tirnave Riesling** from Rumania at 54p and **Bacchus** and **Kokinelli** from Greece at 60p, the better known Greek resinous wine, **Retsina** at 82p and both white and red **Vino Corvo** from Sicily costing 85p.

The higher price range in Bartley Dunne's means £1 to £2 per bottle, for there is only one wine costing more than £2 and that is the 1953 **Château Léoville Barton** at £2.49. In the Burgundies I think the 1959 **Aloxe Corton** at £1.48 is a bargain and there is a good selection of **Gevrey Chambertin** of various vintages and shippers costing £1.35 for the dearest.

If Claret is your weakness then you should have a talk with them in Bartley Dunne's. A very good year like 1953 is represented by **Château Langoa Barton** and **Château Calon Segur** at only £2 per bottle. There is a **Château Cos d'Estournel** 1955 (Cruse) at £.84 and a 1955 **Château Pontet Canet** (Cruse) for as little as £2 per bottle.

Mr. Anthony Davis the new owner of Smyth's of the Green certainly emphasised Smyth's rôle as a serious wine merchants when he bought some cases of the 1961 **Château Lafitte** at Sothby's wine auction in Dublin for what to most of us is a pretty astronomical figure. The wine is there on the Green and if you want to buy some you can have it for about £20 per bottle. Of course at this price it would be a pity to drink it now as this exceptional wine will probably not reach its best till about 1981!

Smyth's have a wide range of very fine wines and if you are in the market for the best wines you can get the wines of the domains of La Romanée-Conti, like the 1964 **La Tache** or the 1961 **Richelbourg** for about £8 per bottle. Another very fine Burgandy to be recommended here is their **Corton Pougets** from the shipper Louis Jadot — an exceptional 1964 Beaune at £2.75 whilst in the Clarets you might go for the 1955 vintage of **Ch. Léoville-Poyferré** at £2.75 or **Ch. Latour** at £5.75.

In a more reasonable price bracket the 1962 **Léoville-Poyferré** costs £1.75, **Branaire-Ducru** £1.42, **Rauzan-Gassies** £1.55 and **Lascombes** £1.55. From Beaune the **Volnay Caillerets** 1966 is a good buy at £1.80 as is the **Beaune Theurons** of the same vintage and price.

It would be wrong to get the idea that Smyth's of the Green are only interested in buyers of first growths and great vintages. They have many most reliable wines at less than £1 per bottle, such as the 1964 **Chateau Grandueuve,** a very pleasant Saint Emilion at 90p or, in white Burgundy the 1964 **Puligny Montrachet** at 95p. For everyday drinking try their **Macon Rouge, Macon Blanc** and **Saint Julien** all at about 70p per bottle, the dry **Graves** at 65p or the medium-dry **Bordeaux Blanc** which costs 62½p. Whatever you are buying Smyth's is the sort of shop where you can be sure of helpful service and if you browse around you may well be tempted to try some of the extensive range of Alsace, Italian and Loire wines on offer. Of the latter I particularly recommend the **Bouilly Blanc Fumé** 1969 at £1.17½ or the 1964 **Pouilly Fumé** at 92½. A good range of wines, particularly Clarets and Burgundies are available in half bottles.

**THERE ARE fewer books published this year on drink, and perhaps reflecting the rising cost of different beverages, a high proportion of them concern home-made drinks. Pelham Books publish Better Wine-Making and Brewing For Beginners, by B. C. A. Tuner (£1.75) and Kaye and Ward publish Home Winemaking from A to Z (£1.25), which promises recipes that are cheap, easy to make and cater for every taste. Hamish Hamilton have an unusual book by Carole Fahy called the Beer Cookery Book (£1.50), which has a selection of beer recipes for every type of meal. John Murray publish a revised edition of R. J. S. McDowall's The Whiskies of Scotland (£2.50). Two of the most important books are John Doxat's Drinks and Drinking, published by Ward Lock (£3.25) which surveys the drinking patterns of all the drinking countries of the world and gives the history of the well-known bottles, toasts, breweries and distilleries. The second book is also the most expensive, priced at £8.50, it is Hugh Jameson's The World Atlas of Wine, published by Mitchell Beazley. It is the first atlas to map every wine-producing country in the world, and is certain to become the authoritative account of the subject; the inclusion of 144 full colour plates, presumably makes it worth its high price tag.**

The 'Sample Room' of Guinness Brewery, circa 1905, from 'Ireland from Old Photographs by Maurice Gorham, Batsford. £2.10.

# LAUNCHING A NEW DRINK

## Ted Bonner

THE MOST OBVIOUS motivation for the launching of a new product would, of course, be the recognition that no such offering was available on the market and that a demand existed, or could be stimulated, for it.

In practice it is seldom as clear cut as that and the raison d'etre for a new brand is usually a combination of a number of factors. For example, it may have been observed that the demand for 'X' is such that there is ample room for another, improved version of 'X'; it may be that a manufacturer believes his existing product range does not bracket the market adequately and that the introduction of a further line may, in addition to its own appeal, enhance the demand for his other offerings: or it may be that he feels that an existing line does not itself encompass the range of the current demand for that particular product.

But whatever the reasons, the decision to introduce a new brand is not one that is taken lightly; not only is such an introduction a highly-expensive process but failure makes the success of a subsequent launch that much more difficult to achieve. The decision, therefore, is based on a very detailed examination and assessment of all factors; on painstaking research into the likely demand; the form and character of the new product; its name; its packaging; how it will be advertised and by which media; precisely when is the optimum time for its launch and what targets must be set as the datum against which to measure its success. These considerations and others, are vital in their own right and a miscalculation of any one can jeopardise the whole.

To illustrate this complexity, let us consider the introduction, by Irish Distillers Limited (I.D.L.), of a new vodka in June, 1970.

In view of the fact that, at that time, I.D.L. were already marketing two brands of vodka, Norduff and Saratov, the introduction of a third may well seem surprising. However, an assessment of the Irish market had shown that sales of vodka were growing apace; indeed the annual average consumption had increased by 29% over the past five years and during that period vodka's share of the total spirit market had increased from 3.7 to 9.7% (at the moment of writing it is 11%). The brand leader was an imported vodka widely known internationally and it seemed unlikely that the two existing I.D.L. brands, good though those were and are, were capable of redressing this advantage. There was also the danger that the success of this importation might result in the incursion of the Irish market by other imported vodkas especially under the terms of the European Free Trade Agreement. I.D.L. therefore, required a vodka with a new and strong identity and with an easily-memorable and attractive name.

The targets established for the new product were thus to increase I.D.L.'s share of the total spirits market by achieving increased sales of vodka and to become brand leader with that new vodka in a finite period.

Research was aimed at producing a pure and perfectly-neutral vodka of such quality as to match and surpass that of the main competition. Since I.D.L. had been producing vodkas for many years and since the art, like all arts, has progressed in that time, this was not unduly difficult to achieve. Extensive taste panels confirmed that the end result was a superior vodka which more than matched anything currently available.

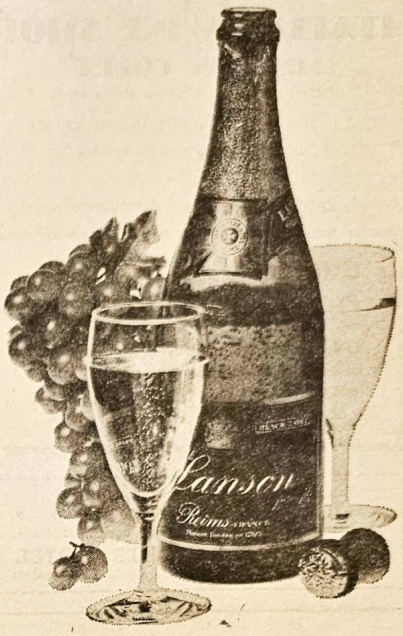
But vodka, unlike many other spirits, is essentially characterless and, in fact, such lack of character is a virtue and a tribute to its purity. These, however, are not easy qualities to capitalise and means had to be found to command attention to the brand in some dramatic or romantic fashion. Clearly the name was of immense importance towards achieving that end and much time was devoted to its selection.

Ultimately it was decided to break from what had become a tradition — the naming of vodkas with something vaguely Russian or Slav. sounding and preferably ending with '. . off' or '. . . ov' — and to use "Huzzar" with its connotations of panache and gallantry and, possibly virility. Interestingly, too, whilst there is little etymological justification for the double "z" of the spelling (usage indicates a double "s") there is little doubt that the "zz" spelling gives the name an indefineable but clearly more-positive appeal.

It was essential that the bottle and its labels emphasised this basic theme. To this end the bottle was specially designed and it embodies, in raised glass, a decorative pattern featuring horsemen and sabres. The red and white label on the front is surmounted by the silhouette of a mounted huzzar in black; a gold bottle top blends into a collar label on which the silhouetted Huzzar motiff, in miniature, is repeated. A further unusual touch is the use of a small, back label on which the historical origin of the Huzzar Corps is described.

In the main, advertising (press; trade press; cinemas and points of sale) was focussed on the panache and gallantry and romanticism of the brand name and the subtle emphasis on the quality and purity of the product. Extensive use was made of colour in the National press advertising, possibly for the first time in the marketing of spirits; there was a continuing emphasis on the name in order to capture those vodka drinkers who had as yet no brand loyalty but called merely for a 'vodka and . . .'. The advertising campaign started in June, 1970, and continued throughout the summer months; it will be repeated as variations on the basic theme, during the coming Christmas period.

In the end it is, of course, the measureable extent of consumer appeal—which is to say, sales — that determine the success of such endeavours. It was obvious from the start of the launch that the new product had caught public fancy and, twelve months afterwards, Huzzar sales were accounting for 32% of the total vodka market: inevitably, of course, some of these at the expense of its two stable companions, Nordoff and Saratov. Nevertheless there seems little doubt that Huzzar is on target and that the forecast date for its taking over as brand leader is by no means unduly optimistic.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# HEALTHY LIQUOR

## Christopher Fettes

IF A MAN eschews coffee, tea and alcohol, either because he considers them drugs or simply because he doesn't like them, what is the poor fellow to drink? After all, he must drink something. Or must he? For a good case, based on human physiology and the practices of those animals most closely resembling us, can be made for suggesting that, placed in the right environment, we would both be able and wont to obtain all the liquid we need solely from eating fruit.

But the environment, alas, is far from ideal, and most of us probably have little chance to pick anything more than blackberries; so let us consider the purchasable choices before our determined non-addict. Firstly, of course, there is water; not very exciting at any time, and in these days not very palatable either, in view of the many chemicals put in to counteract the residual sewage. True enough, you can (with difficulty) get machines to take all these additives out again, but the resultant liquid is then so pure that you are not quite sure whether you are drinking or not. (I know of one doctor in north Dublin who, aware of the increasing evidence of the dangers of fluoridation, purchased such a machine solely to avoid this "free" and flavourless gift of the government.)

For greater postprandial excitement our drug-fearing fellow-drinker is likely to try decaffeinated coffee (noticeably different from the real thing, despite claims to the contrary), or one of the beverages made from such things as dandelions, cereals and figs. In spite of the widely differing origin of these ingredients the similarity of the final flavours is remarkable, my own favourite in this line being *Bambu* (mysteriously so named, in view of the fact that acorns rather than bamboo form the chief ingredient). All are pleasant, however; but in my experience they do not mix well with milk; and as for drinks from roasted dandelion roots, the reader should be warned by the French name for the plant that 'le pissenlit' is an effective diuretic. But if one must drink at night, perhaps sleep broken is better than sleep delayed! (Incidentally, it is of course not true that coffee keeps everyone awake: you only have to drink it regularly for chronic caffein poisoning to set in, with the result that the body does not bother to react to it. It is surprising how few people realise this.)

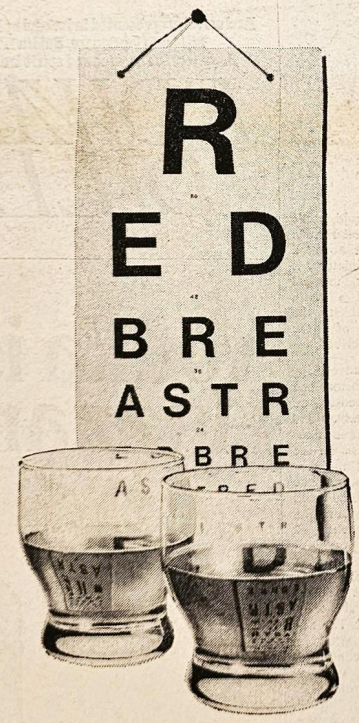
There are even more substitutes for tea than for coffee, and it is well known that China tea has always a lower tannin content than the Indian variety. But these leafy infusions, unlike the beautiful pots and cups in which they are sometimes served in oriental restaurants, make little appeal to me, even the one made from comfrey — which provides the only warm drink (apart from *Bovril, Oxo* and fresh blood) that is likely to have a natural vitamin B12 content. I must admit, however, that tea-like drinks from such different sources as elderberry flowers, nettles, limeblossom and garden mint do appeal to many who try them.

Much more appetising to my mind is a hot yeast drink, the most interesting being *Vecon*, whose natural ingredients include celery seed, horseradish and seaweed. (The reader should be warned that the smell of this drink, like the smell of tobacco, tends to linger in a room for some time after consumption.) Of the plain yeast foods, *Barmene* alone is obtainable in a low salt version: this, mixed with *Morga* vegetable bouillon cubes, makes a particularly delicious drink.

All such heated beverages, however, will be scorned by the radical natural health seeker, and he is equally likely to treat milk drinks with suspicion. Instead he will turn to the simpler but by no means lesser pleasures of fruit and vegetable juices. The cheapest of these are the two concentrated apple juices on the market: *Dapple* and *Martlet*: In order to avoid destruction of the natural sweetness by heating, these have had the water removed under reduced pressure conditions; in this way it has been unnecessary to add sugar to them. The absence of additives of any kind, plus the fact that they can be diluted far more than saccharin-sweetened squashes (which have been known to cause anaemia) without tasting insipid, makes these juices particularly suitable and not too expensive for drinking by children. Marginally I prefer *Martlet*, though the graceful bottle does make it rather easy to knock over.

Non-concentrated juices are even better, no doubt, and seem rather costly — until their prices are compared with those of alcoholic beverages; they are mostly imported from Germany, where the wholefood movement has made rather more progress than in these islands. I particularly recommend the grape juices marketed by *Eckes* and *Naturella* at 30p a bottle; not a drink for every day, to my mind, but excellent for special occasions. Also available are morello cherry and redcurrant juices, bottled by *Prewetts*, though these are rather more expensive; their added sugar content, however, may disqualify them from the health drink stakes in the palate of some purists.

Costlier still, and perhaps most delicious of all, are the vegetable juices sold under the names of *Eden* (shades of the garden suggested?) and *Biotta*. These are, they claim, lacto-fermented — which may mean more to the reader than it does to me. The result (combined with the fact that the vegetables are organically grown) is certainly the most delicious tomato juice I have had anywhere, without the quasi-ubiquitous added salt. Their carrot and celery juices are also something very special, but even these pale (flavourwise as well as literally) in comparison with the red beet juice, perhaps the most delicious liquid I know. With glass in hand, I wish the reader "bonan apetiton".

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# WINE IN THE E.E.C.

## Nigel Beamish

UNDOUBTEDLY THE most important single factor which may influence the Wine Trade in Ireland in the foreseeable future is the likelihood that we shall join the European Economic Community — The Common Market. Amongst existing members of the E.E.C. are France, Italy and Germany, who are not only three of the greatest producers of Wine in quantity, but also the producers of some of the really fine wines in the world, and it is the possibility that international tariff barriers which exist at present between ourselves and these countries may be lowered, which provides the excitement for the future.

The whole question raises many complications, but they are not of a kind which are incapable of being sorted out, and sorted out in a way that in the long run will be on a satisfactory basis to ourselves. One wonders, for instance, what will be the effect on wines produced by European countries who are not members of the E.E.C. The main one that springs to mind immediately is Spain and its Sherry. It does, however, seem that at the moment the members of the E.E.C. plan no prohibitive duty barrier on Sherry, as a move of this kind would be disastrous for Spain, as the British Isles constitute one of the biggest, if not the biggest, single market that they have for Sherry.

Another interesting development, and a sensible one, may be the standardisation of the size of bottles of Wines and Spirits to 70 centilitres, i.e., 25 fluid ounces. This does not, of course, mean that other sizes of bottles will disappear from the market, but it does establish a standard size from which prices will be either higher or lower, depending on the quantity contained in the actual bottle.

Of more immediate significance, perhaps, will be the effect on prices of wines after the introduction here of the Value Added Tax, which seems likely to be introduced in the Republic of Ireland in March, 1972. There is still a great deal of speculation as to how this Tax will, in fact, be applied on Wines and Spirits, but it does appear to be likely that existing rates of Duty should be reduced to incorporate the new Tax. The overall revenue, therefore, levied on Wines and Spirits will remain at the same level regardless of the new Tax, and it also seems possible that the rate of V.A.T. on Wines and Spirits will be at the standard rate. This in itself raises a complication understanding that the majority of retail sales for Wines and Spirits are cash transactions, with no itemised invoices issued to the public, whereas the implication of V.A.T. is that it will involve the Retailer in issuing each customer with an invoice identifying not only the items purchased, but also the V.A.T. which has been paid.

Once these sort of difficulties have been ironed out in our own context then we will have reached the situation where we can come into line with other countries who will then be our E.E.C. partners (always assuming that we have actually entered). The present policy of the Community regarding Excise Duties and V.A.T. is one of levelling-off, and we should hope that the Excise Tax on Wines should be equated in all member-countries of the E.E.C., and the Tax on Spirits should follow within the next ten years or so. Most European countries who enjoy a buoyant Wine and Spirit Trade are solidly based on farming industries, and no Government could happily withstand the protests which would follow any upgrading of Wine and Spirit Duties in their countries to our level which now maintains. We can hope, therefore, that following membership we can expect a lowering of Excise Duties which can happen in the immediate interim period before joining, or, if not that, at least the expectation that present Duties will at least remain static and, therefore, the Trade can look forward to a much sought after period of stability. It is interesting to note the rate for V.A.T. for Still Wine charged at present in Common Market countries—these are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| France ..... | 17.6% |
| West Germany ... | 11% |
| Luxembourg ... | 4% |
| Netherlands .... | 12% |
| Belgium ..... | 14% |
| Italy ..... | 12.6% |

and the proposal for harmonisation of these tax rates within the Community in 1973 would suggest a standard V.A.T. rate of 15%.

In all it is probably fair to say that the prospect for the Wine Trade within the Community is considerably brighter than it would be should we decide to stay aloof. Certainly it is a Club that we are being given the opportunity to join. Like all Clubs, it has its rules and its standards, but the security offered within such a situation can only give us grounds to hope for comfort and less erratic movements of prices in general.

A LITTLE TAKE AND GIVE
One of the little known facts of life is that if you stand by a bottle of Guinness long enough, you will probably meet everyone you've ever known. This may of course be because you're popular (on the other hand it may be because Guinness is popular). So don't take chances. Take some Guinness home to give. Just in case someone calls by.
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*Motoring*

# ODD MAN IN

## Richard O'Hagan

I HAVE THE feeling that we are about to hear a great deal more of Ralph Nader, Esq., the man of La Mancha, West. Rumour has it that he has entered, or is contemplating entering, the political lists and may wind up as the Democratic Party's nominee for the Vice-Presidency in the next elections.

Whatever his political aspirations, however, it is of Nader, the Genghis Khan of Industry that I wish to write. For, as all the world and his mother must now know, he is in there again tilting at a windmill marked VW and saying things about their Beetle that must cause some hearty, uninhibited teeth gnashing back in Wolfsburg and environs — nor would I be in the least surprised to learn that they are removing said teeth in order to give them an even better gnash.

It is also well known, I think, that Nader first captured the headlines by publishing, in 1965, a book called "Unsafe At Any Speed," in which he fairly eviscerated a General Motors' product, the Chevrolet Convair. Without mincing as much as a single syllable he claimed that that rear-engined car was unusually dangerous and that its road-holding, stability and steering were dramatically, not to say traumatically, bad. And, for good or ill measure, he clearly implied that what General Motors knew about rear-engined lay-outs could be inscribed on the back of a rubber washer and leave ample room for their Corporate signature.

This, as may be imagined, caused something of a furore and it is highly probable that the Board of General Motors turned a bright magenta all over and commenced radiating gamma rays in all directions. Possibly this rush of blood to the head swamped their usual good sense for they were unwise enough to commission private eyes to investigate Nader's background, in depth, to see if anything could be excavated to prove that he was a homosexual or an alcoholic or a drugger or beat his old mother every Friday night, or whatever; history does not reveal what such proclivities, if proven, would have had to do with his thesis on the Convair. In the event, that team of zealous bloodhounds not only failed to unearth one single discreditable fact but were sufficiently maladroit to be caught in the investigating act thus enabling Nader to make even greater capital of it all and his *cause* to become that much more *celebre*. The farce eventually ended with his receiving a public apology, before a Congressional Committee, from the President of G.M., following which the Convair was, as they say, quietly phased out of production.

It is important, in this context, to reveal why the private eyes could find nothing even remotely eyebrow-raising in our Galahad's private life. There was, it is now abundantly clear, nothing whatever to find; he lives in almost spartan conditions in a simple room in Washington and he ploughs back all the money he makes from his books and lectures into his consumer-safety work. Born in 1933, of Lebanese parents who had migrated to the States only eight years before, Nader appears to have always had the burning conviction that it is the duty of every individual to improve the society in which he lives and, at even a casual glance at the American scene, he found an infinity of things which could stand improvement. Not least of these, he believes, is the contemptuous manner in which much of Industry takes the consumer for a ride and the incredible refusal, in many instances, to improve safety features when such improvements could be attained for very modest expenditure.

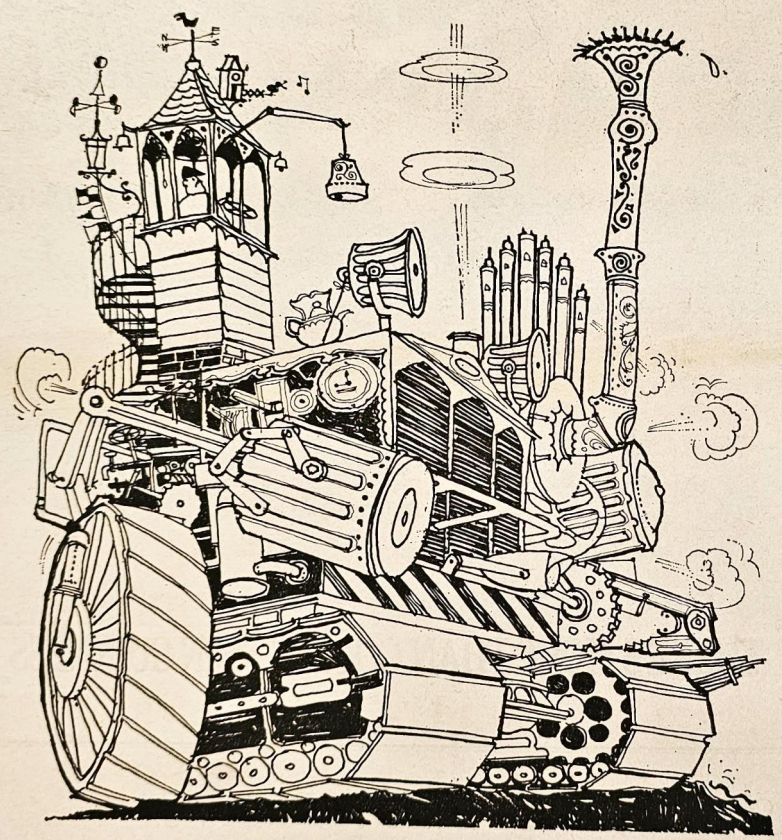
So, fortified by his victory in the G.M. engagement, he moved on to fresh targets and they, fully congnisant of that victory, trod warily on account of having no desire to make public apologies before Congressional Committees. He attacked the Greyhound Bus company because, he claimed, its poor safety record was in part attributable to the money-saving manner in which they had tyres re-treaded again and again. He hit the meat industry and alleged that conditions in it were even worse than when Upton Sinclair first exposed them in "The Jungle," back in 1906 —so bad, indeed, that he implies that eating a hamburger is the gastronomic equivalent of Russian roulette. He publicised the dangers of the thousands of miles of underground natural gas pipes that had been wantonly allowed to corrode and so leak freely into the atmosphere thus endangering the health of the citizenry. And from these, and others, he managed to obtain a number of Congressional hearings and, in not a few, the formulation of corrective legislation.

He has now returned to the motor car, from whence he started, and, as I said, his objective is the Beetle, of which four millions have been sold in America and are being increased by roughly another half million each year. He claims that it is its "uniquely hazardous" and that, since it is very small in comparison with most cars on American roads, it is at a distinct disadvantage in a collision; he finds that it has a history of instability because of its "deficient" suspension, particularly in crosswinds, that the doors are liable to fly open in an accident, that the seats are not properly anchored and that the fuel tank is in a highly-vulnerable location.

Needless to say, VW have struck back and pointed out, *inter* much *alia*, that a number of American accident investigations have showed that the Beetle had a lower accident - involvement rate than many American cars; that its structural integrity appeared to be maintained as well as that of any other car and that it sustained less fire-wall damage than the majority of makes. It is quite clear that this sort of blast and counter-blast will continue for some time to come.

But it seems to me that, were I in charge of VW's fortunes, I would not take a defensive role in this matter; indeed it would appear quite obvious that to do so is tactically ill - advised especially in the perspective of the number of Beetles now motoring on the roads of the world. What I would do would be to attack Nader on very pragmatic grounds. For example, can anyone doubt that today's Beetle is a better and safer car than the 1965 model — what with its improved suspension, collapsible steering column and other safety factors? But if Nader thinks it is still, in 1971 guise, vulnerable, why did he not get after it following his blitzing of the Convair? And were the American cars of the mid-sixties not, relatively, also much larger than the Beetle so that it then suffered this same disadvantage he now alleges? Why the excursion into the stockyards, the gas pipes and the re-treaded tyre business whilst this lethal invader was making greater and greater inroads in the American market?

I am not suggesting that there is no substance in his allegations, particularly if the VW, or any car, is compared with the 100% ideal. The fact is that there is no really safe motor car around and that the VW's deficiencies in some respects are counted-balanced by its strengths in others. But is there not at least some substance for the suspicion that noting commands publicity like an attack on a Goliath — preferably an imported Goliath —especially when such publicity is almost a pre-requisite for nomination to high office? For even if Nader eschews the monetary rewards from his crusades, he can scarcely be oblivious to the power it has brought him and we all know what Acton had to say about the effects of that commodity. Certainly, the knowledge that one has but to turn one's gaze on some facet of Industry for strong men to pale beneath their tan and run whimpering for cover, must be heady stuff. Is it possible that it might be turn-heady as well?

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# Finance Property Stockmarket Economics

## WOLF WOLF?

SINCE THE INCREASE in company taxation in last year's autumn budget the Confederation of Irish Industry has been protesting vigorously that this would lead to a weakening of industry and consequently a threat to industrial employment at the very moment when the freeing of trade under the Anglo-Irish Free Trade Area Agreement was making Irish industry particularly vulnerable. Those who were inclined to dismiss this as the inevitable propaganda of a vested interest will have been rudely awakened by the publication last week of the Industrial Development Authority's pessimistic forecast of up to 3,000 redundancies in industry this year, compared with only 6,000 new jobs created and also by the CII's own economic review which backs up a bleak assessment of industry's position with some sombre figures. The Confederation blames continuing inflation (8% this year) as a major adverse factor. It sees no real grounds for confidence that this is being brought under control. Coupled with inflation is the excessively high level of company taxation — this and falling profits due to rising costs and competition, are leaving firms so little cash for investment that not only is growth threatened but firms are having difficulty in financing adaptation and modernisation necessary to meet free trade. The Confederation quotes a third adverse factor. "The absence of coherent government policies for industry at this crucial time is adversely affecting business confidence".

Of the three, the third is perhaps the most fundamentally significant. The real damage done by last year's increase in company taxation was due as much to its crude exposure of confusion and inconsistency in Government policy as to the fact of the tax itself. For it has been widely recognised for a long time that industrial growth in this country and the survival of existing industry in free trade depended on a high level of investment by industry itself. The NIEC Full Employment report, for instance, recognised that a much higher rate of investment would be necessary to achieve full employment by the 1980's. At the same time the net profits of Irish industry even before last year's extra taxation have been abnormally low by standards in other Western countries and were tending to fall. In these circumstances to reduce the investment resources available to industry seemed little short of lunatic

In a recent speech the Director General of the Confederation of Irish Industry pointed out that the amount taken by the Government in taxation on industry almost exactly equals the amount spent by Government in promoting new industry and financing services to stimulate industrial growth. While there is some obvious over-simplification here, the point is a good one. Precisely what is the purpose of this elaborate "robbing Peter to pay Paul process"—squeezing the life out of existing industry in order to replace it with new, and spending a sizeable slice on administration along the way?

Remarkably for a body which primarily represents the private sector, the Confederation attacks the Government for its abandonment of planning and calls for a new national plan "to assess the full economic and financial implications of EEC membership and the steps that will be taken at Government level to ensure that the opportunities offered to agriculture and industry are capitalised on". It adds that such planning, coupled with positive measures on taxation and to stimulate investment would go a long way to restoring confidence. The point is well taken. In this country, with very limited resources and with a large part of those resources controlled in one way or another by Government, effective planning as to how they are to be used is critical if waste is to be avoided. Of course, previous attempts at planning in the Second and Third Programmes failed in many ways. But these attempts, particularly the Second Programme, offered many valuable lessons. This experience is sufficient to show at least how not to do it again. The wrong lesson to draw is that the whole concept of planning should be abandoned. That is the worst kind of defeatism and can only perpetuate the glaring inconsistencies in economic policy which we have had to endure for the past several years and which are at the root of much of our present problem. Planning is not a panacea, but it does at least bring some system and logic into the process of defining policy objectives and priorities and allowing resources to be allocated within some kind of accepted framework. The haphazardness of present policy must result in our continuing to jolt from one crisis to another.

"Wolf, wolf" has been called for years from various quarters and the sceptics have shrugged their shoulders. We can now hear his growls at the door in the form of an alarming rise in redundancies and a 26% fall in retained profits of companies — the latter leading inevitably to a falling off in investment. A Government which allows this situation to continue drifting any longer without very positive action is courting major disaster.

Don Carroll, Chairman and John Le Prere, Marketing Director, P. J. Carroll.

## P. J. CARROLL — WHO'S CALLING THE TUNE?

### A Special Correspondent

NOW THAT DON CARROLL has left the company's chief executive position, it is perhaps timely to review P. J. Carroll and the company's performance under his management, and examine how he has placed the company to face the future.

Don Carroll was appointed Managing Director in 1959 after some internal tension and the retirement from the board of Kevin McCourt. Carrolls had always been a family firm but within a year Don Carroll had negotiated a major deal with Carreras Ltd. This involved the purchase by Carrolls of the Dun Laoghaire based Murray Tobacco Company for £340,000 (Murray's net assets were £200,000)—and the issue to Carreras of new shares for £500,000.

This deal gave Carreras 23% of Carroll's equity—shares were bought from the Carroll family on top of this — but what was much more significant was that as many as 5 Carreras men were appointed to the Carroll board. Carroll's, themselves, only had 7 appointees. Undoubtedly Carroll's gained from this deal by cutting out the growing Carreras competition as well as at the same time expanding its product range.

The big question that has hung over Carrolls ever since has been this: did Don Carroll sell out the company's hard-won birthright and with it the management's freedom to develop the company in any direction they thought best?

It was not so much that Carroll's was in any difficulty at that time. Its record during the fifties was remarkably successful with a valued sales gain of over 5 times and bounding profits. And even in 1960, the company looked very well placed with sales rising and its first tipped brand, introduced in 1958, proving extremely successful. The sell-out to Carreras was then certainly not a necessity but it did, of course, place the Carroll management in a more assured position.

Carroll's growth during the sixties depended to a major extent on the phenomenal success of Carroll's No. 1 filter tipped cigarettes. The 1962 Royal College of Physicians "Smoking and Health" report accelerated the consumer switch to filter tipped cigarettes. Carreras helped Carroll's meet this trend with its up the market Rothman's King Size cigarettes but its other brands Craven "A", Consulate and Peter Stuyvesant have not contributed very much.

The only other competitor, Players-Wills, let Carrolls have all its own way, following rather late in its footsteps. So in 1966, Carrolls were able to launch a major new offensive on the plain cigarette smokers with a new and stronger tipped brand, "Major" extra size unopposed by its only major competitor. This launch proved an immediate success and quickly cornered 14% of the total market.

The fact must be faced, however, that, other than the 1966 "Major" launch, Carrolls growth mainly depended on Carroll's No. 1 riding on the back of the switch to filter tipped cigarettes. And, of course, this brand was launched before the Carreras deal. Credit must be given for the excellent marketing of this brand and later for the "Major" promotion but the lack of any aggressive competition in the Irish market was obviously a significant ingredient in Carroll's success.

Don Carroll's major organisational decisions during the decade were the 1960 Carreras link-up, the 1962 building of a prestigeous Dublin H.Q. and distribution centre, the 1965 computer installation and the 1968 new factory building programme. But the fact that the company has failed on two fundamental counts must raise serious question about its whole management and the real effect of the Carreras connection. The first of these is its failure to widen its geographic base. Nearly 90% of sales are on the home market. And the bulk of the rest is accounted for by Carreras export contracts — own brand exports are a deminute proportion.

Carroll's No 1 was launched in Northern Ireland in 1963 but has not proved very successful. This led Carrolls to a new approach with the introduction in 1969 of a specially tailor brand "High Kings" in the London region. Nothing much has since been heard of this brand, which in 1970 was "proving difficult" other than that the position is being looked at.

The second of these counts is Carroll's failure to diversify. Even the enlisting of McKinsey & Co. to help determine strategy for growth in the seventies and to help identify "the criteria against which we should measure opportunities" has not been very helpful.

The attempt to solve all its problems on the grand scale by the abortive four company merger last year was never on from the start. The merger was nearly impossible for Waterford Glass and clearly illogical from Carroll's major shareholder, Carreras.

The home market has been shaken up since Gallagher's introduction with its Albany brand in 1969. And even Player-Wills reaction, with what has since proved a very successful brand—No. 6—was more aggressive than the belated Carroll launch of Broadleaf. With Gallagher's now acting as market leaders, Carroll's hither-to unchallenged position has changed. Not only has it had to revamp it Broadleaf packet to try and return some of the lost ground, but its other 1970 launch Calumet proved a failure and was withdrawn from the market.

But the over-riding issue is the extent of the Carreras influence on Carrolls development policy. Carroll's failure to market its own brand abroad and its failure to diversify both ideally suit Carreras. Also Carroll's financial management, especially its conservative dividend policy, is more that of a subsidiary of a larger company and, if Carreras were not instrumental in actually determining it, it is the sort of policy it probably would decide. Irish quoted subsidiaries of British companies like Ranks (Ireland), Ever Ready (Ireland), and John Halliday and Son and Irish Dunlop all followed a conservative dividend policy in the past and financed expansion out of cash flow. Over the past 5 years Carroll's pre-dividend cash flow amounted to over £4½ million but it only paid one third of this out in Ordinary dividends.

The position Carroll's has got itself into today is not that of a well balanced company. It is rather that of a subsidiary of a larger group that has been given a singly narrow objective to achieve. The unsuspecting would probably think that Carroll's was positively led into this position by Carreras or, assuming Carroll's own management had a say, allowed to drift into this position by Carreras just not co-operating with any activities outside of an acceptable range.

The stock market anyway is aware of Carroll's failure as an independent company especially since 1968, when the rosy hue evaporated. Despite a 33% profit growth since then, Carrolls shares have dropped nearly 40%. The solution is probably only too obvious. If like Irish Dunlop and John Halliday, Carrolls continues to act like a subsidiary of a British company and Don Carroll's departure makes this more apparent, then the outside Irish interests should eventually be bought in by Carreras.

# ..Around The City With Moneybags...

MICHAEL KILLEEN has published a most informative, comprehensive and colourful report on the I.D.A.'s activities for 1970/71. I know some economists who will take his section 1, Review of Economic Trends, quite seriously. I know some politicians who will glance at his section 2, A Strategy for Industrial Development, and some eager beavers will no doubt examine Sections 3 and 4. But the boys at the bar, will be mainly interested in Section 5. This is entitled Grant Payments and Approvals 1970/71 by Industrial Groupings, Committees and Projects and simply and starkly gives the details of WHO GOT HOW MUCH.

The handouts to the big boys, of course, are well known but the nitty gritty bits around the country are worth a second look. Michael McNamara, good luck to him, picked up £5,300 for his joinery place in Lisdoonvarna. Keating's bakery in Kanturk is to get £35,320 for re-equipment. Eddie Ryan who makes candles in Kinsale has been cleared for £3,420. The Co-ops everywhere have got in on the grain-drying game. Abbeydoreney Co-op is getting £3,770 for this but Bunclody is doing better at £13,450. But most of the grain merchants are in on this drying spree as well.

While the I.D.A. normally deals in thousands, and often in millions, some very small grants are also made—consolation prizes as it were. A Dublin furniture firm called Snyder and Sons Ltd. was approved and granted £60 for re-equipment—just what he is expected to achieve with this largesse is not stated: one new cocktail cabinet perhaps? Fine Art Plastics got £210 — perhaps enough for a set of dentures. Dinky Wear Ltd., also of Dublin, got a dinky grant of £120. But why look a gift horse in the mouth?

Now that Michael Killeen has provided statistics on almost every aspect of the economy as well as on his own shop, I would like to suggest one particular study to him: this is to relate in each individual case the initial expectation in employment and exports, with the actual experience to date. I think such a study might throw up some very revealing information indeed—but not for the boys at the bar of course.

* * *

AT LEAST one reason why I hope the current talks between the foreign banks and the Central Bank come to an amicable conclusion is that I want to go on seeing the monthly newsletter from the First National City Bank that **Avery Chope** kindly addresses to my Financial Editor. One of the most interesting features in this free service is the annual survey of the world rates of money depreciation. It is the only global report I get on whether I am losing more money on tea in Ceylon than copper in Peru. And, unlike so many other international comparisons, it includes the Irish performance, year by year, and summarised by decade.

According to the survey just to hand, money has been depreciating in Ireland during 1971 at a rate of about 8.4% p.a. This compares with 7.6% during 1970 and an annual rate of only 4.5% p.a. during the '60-'70 decade. How do we compare with the rest of the world? Well, the most important comparison is, of course, with the U.K. The comparative figures there are 8.4%, i.e., the same for 1971; 6.0% in 1970 and only 3.9% in the decade. In sum, it might be said that we have been inflating at a rate of about ½% p.a. greater than the U.K. over the past decade at least. Do I have to tell you where that trend eventually—and inevitably—leads?

Rather surprisingly, Canada's performance right up to 1971 is the most impressive in the international league of inflation resisters—but both S. Africa and Australia were holding the line well until 1970. There is a nice parallel between our position vis-a-vis the U.K. and New Zealand's in relation to Australia, the former consistently inflating faster (or for that read, increasing productivity slower) than its big neighbour over the past decade.

In Europe, the steadiest Big Leaguer has been Germany, with, in the smaller lot, Greece holding prices extraordinarily well—I presume because of the political discipline,

At the wrong end of the scale, the Argentine with inflation this year alone running around 23% is ahead even of Vietnam—where in 1970 the value of money declined 27%. Korea, too—thanks to the military presence—suffers a high rate of inflation, but the South American nations, especially Chile and Brazil, make our inflation look very mild indeed.

The survey, unfortunately, does not include figures for the Communist bloc. In Yugoslavia, however, considering the "managed" state of the economy, or perhaps because of it, inflation has been running very regularly over 10% p.a.

Overall, the U.S. inflation appears to have abated somewhat this year, but the European rate is well ahead of last year.

* * *

WHILE THE BRITTAIN GROUP and especially its old Booth Poole shareholders have been suffering, the Smith Group, the other half of the old Brittain Smith Company has been going from strength to strength. Its shares today stand at 72p nearly double the price at the May 1970 split up. This has been some compensation to the old outside Brittain Smith shareholders but because Vincent Brittain swapped all his Smith Group shares for all Con Smith's Brittain Group shares, he has had to bear the full brunt of the Brittain Group decline.

The recently announced deal between the Smith Group and the New Ireland Assurance Company arranged by A.I.I.B., gives New Ireland 100,000 shares in Smith Group at 60p a share and the Smith Group, on top of the £60,000 will get for the sale of this 3½% stake in itself, a £½ million borrowing facility. This £½ million can be taken up at any time during the next 3 years and will considerably boost the take-over potential of the Smith Group. However, the interest on this facility which is in loan stock dated 1975/95 is as high as 11½%. Considering the declining trend in interest rates, one wonders if this might only be used as a rebuttal to those who might question the liquidity of the company.

Wouldn't it tidy up things for everyone if **Con Smith** now bought out **Vincent Brittain** — lock, stock and barrel this time? Stranger things have happened—mark my word.

"Hello. Do you know I didn't even ask for First Class? Much less pay for it!"

"But this is Economy Class. And they've two other big Economy rooms just like this one."

"You mean that one with the red seats instead of gold? The one up there by our kitchen?"

"That's not *our* kitchen. That's *their* kitchen. Our kitchen's back there. And there's another whole kitchen somewhere around."

"Well, it all *seems* like First Class. Wonder where First Class really is?"

"Blocks away, I'm sure."

"Excuse me, please. Now, to find the powder room . . . let me see . . . which aisle do you think . . .?"

"Either aisle. They've got twelve powder rooms all over the place. A nice girl like you could get lost. Please don't."

And so it goes. On Pan Am's 747. The plane with all the room in the world.

Pan Am's 747

The plane with all the room in the world.

*Finance*

# HALLIDAYS—BEHIND THE MERGER

## A Special Correspondent

JOHN HALLIDAY & SON has always had an exemplary record in both its presentation of accounts and its detailed Chairman's Statements. These latter, by Irish standards anyway, always gave the fullest disclosure of changes inside the company in the year under review as well as an assessment of the current position. And they tended to go even further than this by giving a wealth of information about the Irish shoe industry. However, since 1968, there appears to have been a change in this full disclosure policy which has rapidly deteriorated up to this latest take-over announcement, full details of which have yet to be released.

To get C. & J. Clarke's involvement in John Halliday into perspective, you have to go back to 1938 when Clarkes merged in their Irish operation with Halliday's in return for one third of the enlarged equity. Nothing much happened until after the war. Then in 1946 and again in 1948 rights issue were made which nearly tripled the issued capital. A second factory was built in Dundalk but even by the early fifties, production was not much over twice the 1936 level.

With demand expanding in the early fifties, production picked up and real profits started to be earned. But although the profits were there, they were withheld from shareholders by severe dividend restrictions. This obviously suited Clarkes as it did not matter to them whether dividends were paid or not. It was easy too to justify dividend restrictions by the need to expand capacity. And the outside share holders had no choice but to go along with this policy. In 1958, for instance, out of profits of £50,000, only £8,000 was paid out in dividends. This meant that 48% of available profits were being withheld in the company.

In 1955, Clarke's modified its extraordinary dividend policy in Hallidays by a system of giving annual bonus (paper) issues to Halliday shareholders. But in the fifties, dividends and not earnings were regarded as the main criteria in share evaluations. This resulted in the outrageous situation, for Hallidays in 1960, where its £1 ordinary shares were standing at 30% discount on par at 14/-. This meant the shares were on an adjusted dividend yield of 7%, which on Halliday's progressive record was modest enough, but the earnings yield was a fantastic 40%.

By 1967, despite the building of a further two factories in Dundalk and the cash purchase of all Padmore & Barnes ordinary shares and of 53% of Stedfast Shoes for cash in 1963, the Clarke-managed Hallidays had still really done nothing about its extraordinary dividend policy. Pressure of events, however, did force the management to nearly double its dividend payout in 1967 and thus cut cover to three times.

This pressure must have been tremendous as not only was cash flow at £200,000 running at twice the rate of capital expenditure but the sheer size of the cash resources which had built up inside the company must have even made Clarkes blush. In 1967 not only was Hallidays lending Clarke Companies over £200,000 (apparently free of interest) but it also had over £400,000 out of pension fund trustees free of interest, besides some cash. In all, Hallidays had cash resources of £700,000 which accounted for nearly 50% of the total capital employed.

The company decision then in mid 1968 to repay all of its £30,000 of Preference capital and half of its ordinary capital at least meant that over half this cash "embarrassment" disappeared.

By 1969, Hallidays was drifting back into its old habits.

**F. M. Summerfield, Chairman of Hallidays.**

Out of net profits of £356,000, only £71,000 was paid out in dividends. This might have been justified by the near £400,000 expansion started in 1969 on a new block office, new warehousing facilities, and new plant capacity besides the £150,000 investment in Denson Ltd. But although £246,000 of this had been paid out in 1969, there was still over £¾ million in cash in the company and cash flow was running at £250,000. There was thus no sound reason for restricting the 1969 dividend in 1969 when net profits were up 50%.

Last year, 1970, Hallidays reported a more than halving of profits. Undoubtedly it was a difficult year especially with Clarks Ltd. refusing to accept higher prices for Halliday's exports. But there were a number of exceptional items. The largest of these was a £71,000 stock write-off. Others were a £16,000 turn-about in interest charges and £30,000 higher depreciation. These items could because the new facilities were not used, if the company desired, have been excluded from the Profit and Loss account and thus have meant a more modest 30% drop in 1970 profits.

It would be interesting to know when Clark's decided to buy in the minority interests. This certainly could not have been in their minds in 1968 or the large capital repayment would not have been made. But the return to the old dividend policy in 1969—80% of profits were retained—and perhaps even more so the purchase of the minority interests in Stedfast Shoes in the middle of 1970, gave an indication that something was happening.

When Hallidays bought its 53% interest in Steadfast Shoes, it paid out around £47,000. Last year when it bought out the remaining 47% it had to pay £131,000, nearly three times as much. It is difficult to fathom the reason for this price especially when the Irish shoe industry is in such difficult straits, but unlike Padmore & Barnes, who had no say in the matter and whose home sales organisation was integrated with Clarks in 1966, the McLerie brothers, William Stuart and Ian David, kept a firm control of their company, with the two of them in the Steadfast board against only one Clark representative. They even extended this independence, which was no doubt promised at the time of the take-over, to trying to diversify away from women's fashion shoes by setting up a pilot plant in 1968 to make a new type of plastic shoe. But to avoid complete dependence on Clarks they not only continued to handle their own home sales, but, as late as last year, before the complete takeover, were appointing their own full time U.K. sales executive. This was not the road to rationalisation and Clarks only way out was probably to buy out the McLeries at their price.

In all this development, two groups of shareholders have suffered very badly and seem to have been completely neglected. They are the unfortunate Preference shareholders in both Padmore & Barnes and Stedfast Shoes. When Hallidays took over Padmore & Barnes in 1963, they paid a bargain price of £24,000 for net assets of £44,000. But they did not even bother to make an offer for the unfortunate holders of the 27,100 £1 preference shares. These shares do, however, still have a quotation but considering the small size of the issue few people are interested. The last quotation went in at only 42p per share. But the unfortunate holders of the 20,000 £1 Preference shares in Stedfast Shoes do not even have a quotation and are more or less completely locked in to an unmarketable security.

Should the 49% majority shareholders in Denson Ltd., be worried by all this? If they play their cards right like the McLeries in Stedfast they could come off very well yet. And considering that the minority directors are also directors of James Winstanley, the Dublin shoe manufacturer, they might even be able to sell this company to Hallidays in a few years time.

But for the moment, the least Hallidays can now do is to include in their offer for the outside interests in Halliday, an offer for the unfortunate Preference shareholders in both Padmore & Barnes and Stedfast Shoes.

## Moneybags Contd.

I REPRODUCE above one of the tables from the I.D.A. Annual Report. It is self explanatory. I think it reads something like — we are heading for the high jump; or at least it says, 1969 and 1970 were too bloody awful to be true; or something like that anyhow.

Of course there are statistics and statistics. I don't know why, for instance, 1963 has been taken as the base year. It seems an odd year to have started anything, even a table of unit wage costs. And as a matter of interest, these figures do not exactly tally with those issued by the Central Bank this very week. The table above shows that Irish unit wage costs in manufacturing increased 10.3% in 1969 and 12.5% in 1970. The latest Central Bank report states (p. 126) that unit labour costs in manufacturing increased 11.1% in 1969 and 11.9% in 1970. Quibbling, says you? Yes, perhaps—but if figures are not accurate—they are nothing at all.

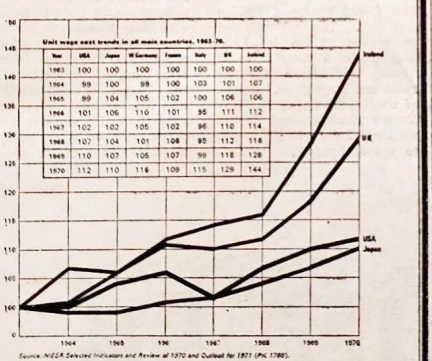
But now to Moneybags' theory on wage cost trends: the deterioration in the Irish situation is not, repeat not, due to the level of wages, or wage increases granted here—but rather to the failure of industry to increase productivity in line with the increases given. The level of wages is not, repeat not, higher in Ireland than elsewhere in Europe, but the level of productivity in manufacturing is often lower. Wage increases in service industries certainly add to inflation here, but in manufacturing industry it is up to management to match higher wages with greater productivity. Mind you, I'll agree that George Colley's penal level of company taxation is no help to the essential ingredient in this process — greater and ever greater investment in automated equipment.

Unit Wage Cost Trends in Manufacturing Industry, 1963-70

Index: 1963=11.
Cost per unit of output in manufacturing

Unit wage cost trends in all main countries, 1963-70.

| Year | USA | Japan | W Germany | France | Italy | UK | Ireland |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1963 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 |
| 1964 | 99 | 100 | 99 | 100 | 103 | 101 | 107 |
| 1965 | 99 | 104 | 105 | 102 | 100 | 106 | 106 |
| 1966 | 101 | 106 | 110 | 101 | 95 | 111 | 112 |
| 1967 | 102 | 102 | 105 | 102 | 96 | 110 | 114 |
| 1968 | 107 | 104 | 101 | 104 | 95 | 112 | 116 |
| 1969 | 110 | 107 | 106 | 107 | 99 | 118 | 128 |
| 1970 | 112 | 110 | 116 | 109 | 115 | 129 | 144 |




Source: NIESR Selected Indicators and Review of 1970 and Outlook for 1971 (Pic 1788).

* * *

**MERCHANTS WAREHOUSING** has just reported the exact level of net profit —£114,000 after tax—that it achieved four years ago. At that time, the dividend paid was 10% and the shares hit a peak of 250p. Now the dividend is 12% and the shares are only at 167p. Since that time too, about 25p for each ordinary share has been added to reserves.

And, of course, since that time, the three major shareholders, R. & H. Hall, W. & R. Barnett, and Odlum Holdings have acquired between them up to two-thirds of the equity at a price of 200p per share. So why the current depression in the share price?

I suppose the reason is that the company is now considered simply as a vehicle for the interests of the majority shareholders. But, for all that, it presents a very safe if undramatic investment for long haul.


# P.J.Carroll and Company Limited

Dublin and Dundalk. Cigarette and Tobacco Manufacturers. Makers of Carrolls Number 1, Major Extra Size, Broadleaf, High Kings, Sweet Afton, Mick McQuaid and other brands.

The following is an extract from the Chairman's Statement 1971 :—
**"Sales and profits have reached new record levels."**

**Group Financial Summary**

| Year ended 30th June Figures in £000's. | 1961 (10 months) | 1963 | 1965 | 1967 | 1969 | 1971 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Group Profit before Tax | 455 | 761 | 944 | 1,178 | 1,532 | **1,872** |
| Net Profit after Tax | 226 | 388 | 531 | 576 | 774 | **962** |
| Ordinary Dividend Payments | 103 | 206 | 261 | 277 | 308 | **410** |
| Net Assets | 2,480 | 3,537 | 4,164 | 4,644 | 5,648 | **6,972** |
| Issued Capital 6% Cum. Preference £ Shares | 400 | 400 | 400 | 400 | 400 | **400** |
| Ordinary 25p Shares | 774 | 1,250 | 1,500 | 2,000 | 2,000 | **3,000** |

Copies of the full Report and Accounts may be obtained from the Secretary at Grand Parade, Dublin 6.

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# hibernia

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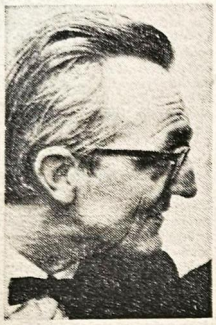

## PERSONALLY SPEAKING

### Criostoir O Floinn

FATHER JAMES GOOD is a theologian—that is, a man who has read more books about God than the average priest or layman. This, of course, does not make him infallible; so, you can take or leave the Good pronouncements on God, the Pope, and related matters. I aver, however, that the man is speaking Gospel truth when he confesses, in a recent review of Norman St. John Stevas's book on Birth Prevention: "Anyone who writes a weekly column must expect to make enemies." That leaves us in *Hibernia*, a fortnightly, with a host of half-enemies and half-friends, hermaphrodite handshakers. One such ambivalent has penned a dirty-dig note accusing me of being "very hard on poor **Conor Cruise O'Brien.**"

Now, I don't know that Dr. Conor could be all that poor, what with his regular dollar-earning articles on Violence in Ulster, his TV. appearances *go leor* on every station of the Anglo-Amercian webwork (including our own sub-station), and this unexpected (?) bonanza of An Taisce's plan to preserve the natural beauty of Howth, thus increasing the value of what Conor himself described defensively to the landowner Haughey as "my modest bungalow." By the way, who are the other fortunate citizens who live on the now inviolable Hill of Howth? There's Gabriel Mary (Annunciata) Byrne, for one. *Et al?* And how many of these are prominent members of *An Taisce?*

Anyway, my disgruntled and obviously ill-bred correspondent continues thus: "Why don't you leave poor Conor alone and give that Thornley eejit a good kick in the bum?"

I can only wish this laborious *Bricriú* had been more lavish in his specifications. Having consulted my political *Hew's-Hew*, I can find nothing in this Thornley—unless he is the same eejit who tried the University Lecturer act on **Mr. Erskine Childers** the other night on RTE and got blown away into a confusion of silent leers when that unwindable trumpeter sounded off, yet once more, the *Last Post* and *Reveille* over his heroic father.

KNOWING DUBLIN'S theatrical circles as I do, I was not surprised when the newspapers informed me before that *Sunday Press* lorry-driver demanding Belfast danger money shut them up, that the appointment of **Lelia Doolan** as Artistic Director at the Abbey Theatre had caused great surprise in those histrionic haunts. That old witch-trio of sins, Backbiting, Calumny and Detraction, flourish nowhere so well as in the ring-a-rosy circles of the Theatre World, and the two-faced thespian mask is only too true to life. As far as I read the papers, **Phyllis Ryan** was almost alone in warmly welcoming the appointment and in wishing the new Artistic Director success in her very difficult task. Of course, Dublin's theatrical circles have a variety of reasons for their reaction of surprise. The new Director is a *woman*, and *Irish*. The appointment of some gent. like Hu-Sin-Loo of the Peking Opera would have been greeted with a chorus of ecstatic exhalations.

The Abbey Board of Directors are to be congratulated on this appointment, and on the recent one of **Mr. John Slemon** to the position of Manager. I only hope that, having made these appointments, **Mr. Fallon** and Co. will show fairness as well as courage by allowing the appointees artistic and managerial freedom. As a writer and a regular visitor to the Abbey, I am confident that the Abbey company, most of whom I know personally, will generously devote their long-tried talents to the success of the new era. Meanwhile, Dublin's theatrical circles will be picking holes in every statement issued by John Slemon, and gushing over the gin-and-tonic: "Of course, Lelia is *so* talented —and you know she's related to **George Colley?**"

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I AM ASTONISHED at the antics of Ald. **T. F. Byrne** and certain other members of Wexford Corporation who objected to the conferring of the Freedom of the Borough on **President de Valera.** Mr. Byrne and other members of the Labour Party protested at the expense involved. We all know the real value of such protests at Corporation or County Council level, and the purpose for which such publicised walk-outs as Mr. Byrne's are usually made. I would ask these yellow-belly parish-pump politicians how many of them ran out to lick the boots of **President Kennedy** when he came to Wexford? If **President Nixon** discovered a Wexford great-grandmother and came to visit the nettled ruins, you can be sure Ald. Byrne would be out there with the best of them shaking the Nixon paw in front of the TV. cameras, and hang the expense.

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AMONG THE OIREACHTAS literary awards this year, the financial plum was the £500 offered by the Government for a short poem in Irish to be inscribed on the wall of the Garden of Rememberance (if I can call it a heroic swansong in the Irish language, both **Oisín Kelly** and **Liam Mac Uistín** will understand **cad chuige atáim).** I am still puzzled as to why second and third prizes, of £300 and £150 respectively, were offered in such a competition.

The Oireachtas prizes are usually presented by the honorary President for the year (some person well-known for devotion to the cause of the Irish language) at the first function of the week's events. This year, however, Mr. George Colley jumped the gun and presented the Garden of Remembrance awards himself, at a much-publicised ceremony (all the papers showed the beaming George dishing out the big cheques as though from the Colley Fund for Struggling Artists) only *two days* before the function arranged by the hard-working Oireachtas Committee under the roof and generous patronage of Player-Wills.

I would have had a ticket in this poetic raffle myself but for the suppression of my book of poems, *O Fhás go hAois*, two years ago by the Minister for Education, just as it was about to be published by An Gúm, and **Padraig Faulkner's** subsequent assertion in the Dáil, when questioned by Dr. Cruise O'Brien (that *daarlin'* man) that this was done in the interests of public morality—whereupon I swore to create no more in Irish until the Louth yahoo withdrew these untruths. The book was published soon after by Sáirséal agus Dill, and I sent a copy to Faulkner to read if he could; but the slander still stands inscribed in the Dáil records.

I am told that the Garden of Remembrance competition attracted ninety-six entries — though whether all the competitors were intended by God to be poets is a moot point. I met one competitor who told me she had never written a poem before, but was tempted by the lolly. And, as in the case of the RTÉ National Contest, where a special prize is reserved for the best song in Irish (in this instance, I would agree with the complaints of the L.F.M., and ask them to agree with me in regretting the hypocrisy of RTÉ), some of the alleged poems were, I believe, co-operative efforts, the prize to be split fifty-fifty between poet and translator.

I am very glad that no such bastard efforts succeeded — though they are thriving in certain other literary and artistic areas at present being investigated by my *Craoibhín Aoibhinn*. The prize-winning poem was written by **Liam Mac Uistín,** a versatile writer already well-known for his radio and stage plays. It was, of course, the Colley Publicity Bureau which released English versions of the winning poems to the papers, versions obviously worked out by some handicapped artificer in the Board of Works.

I see that **Desmond Rushe,** the well-known theatre critic, objects, in his *Irish Independent* column, to the poem's being inscribed in Irish only. "This cannot be allowed to happen," says Desmond dogmatically, and obviously in a rush. He demands plaques in English, French, etc., and concludes his peroration thus: "Whatever inscription is there should be available in *understandable* languages." I couldn't agree more. Only the other day I had a postcard from the distant cousin in Outer Mongolia, who intends visiting us next summer. I'll surely be taking him to do homage, in his Outer Mongolian way and language, *do na daoine a thug a n-anam ar son a gcine,*

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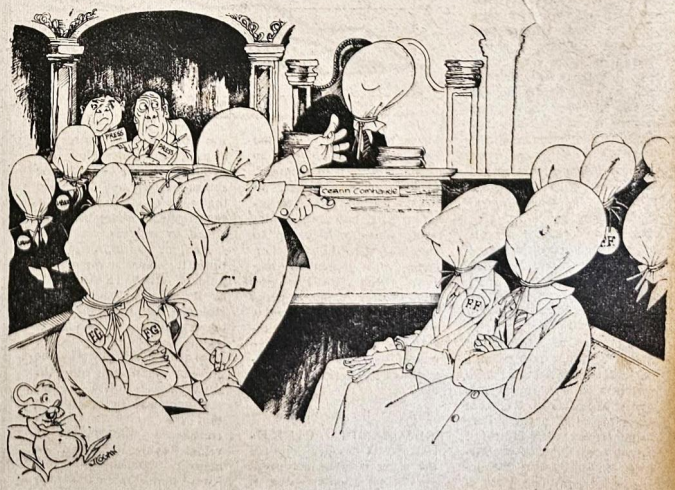
IN Tallaght, Co. Dublin, they make chocolates and Domicans. Some people, especially readers of columns written by Liberated Women, are under the impression that there are only two Dominicans in Ireland, viz., **Austin Flannery,** O.P. (who said on BBC's *Panorama* recently—when they were taking an alleged panoramic view of the Church in Ireland and spent twenty of their forty minutes on the train to Belfast with **Mary Kenny** and her contraceptive cronies—that all the progressive ideas in Ireland come from outside the country) and **Fergal O'Connor,** O.P., who is a very shy man so only appears on TV and the newspapers two or three times a week. These two are known and loved in the ad Lib columns as the "brave Dominicans." They are both very active in many causes involving social injustice. Naturally, then, I was very disappointed that neither of them turned up outside the gates of Newbridge College, an exclusive boarding-school run by their own Dominican Order, on the day I planned my protest on behalf of the stable-lads from the Curragh and the other children of the Republican Democracy against whom such schools (Wesley, Clongowes, King's Hospital, Castleknock, etc., etc.) discriminate.

In Tallaght, Co. Dublin, there is a new industry. A Community School is being manufactured — and I don't mean the building, but the thing, whatever it is. I have gathered quite an amount of interesting and enlightening information about this project. Before publishing facts and drawing conclusions, however, I invite **Mr. Mark Clinton,** Fine Gael T.D. and Chairman of Co. Dublin Vocational Education Committee, to write for *Hibernia* his version of what is going on out there. After all, he, if anyone, should know the whole truth and be glad to share it with us.

I have always denied the Orange assertion that "Home Rule is Rome Rule." But my dossier on the Tallaght Community School begins to build up into the distrubing notion that the real Minister for Education in the Dublin area is the Most Rev. Dr. **John Charles McQuaid.** And let no Protestant or Humanist clap hands until he or she examines them to see how truly clean they are.




**"Disorientation," South of the Border.**